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WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR SOUTH?

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Of all humbugs there are none greater than so-called Unanswerable Arguments. Whenever you hear a man allude to such logical fortresses, reader, as being under his command, depend upon it that they have never been attacked by a vigorous foe, and that they have been occupied by a very vain and vapory garrison. No old campaigner in the wars of Truth believes in the existence of Unanswerable Arguments.

Our Southern foes have always been celebrated for unanswerable arguments, and we have, like good-natured ninnyes generally conceded all and every thing to them. For instance, we say, 'Yes; oh! certainly,' when told that slavery *must* always exist 'down-South,' because only the negro can work there. 'Only the negro can endure the climate, you know.' Now treat this specimen of the Unanswerable with a vigorous denial and see how it comes out. The experience of the whole world shows it to be a flat lie. You cannot point me out any thing within the whole range of human efforts which a negro can do but that a white man can do it better. Cotton can be better cultivated by white men than slaves; if a black only lives till thirty on a rice plantation, a white can labor there till thirty-five; or if Indo-Germanic lives be too expensive, the Cooley, who *is* a white man, may serve at a pinch. But this everlasting pestilential rice-field business has really nothing to do with the question. It is not Rice but Cotton for which Cuffy is kept; and cotton is just as susceptible of small farm culture as any other plant; witness the German cotton-farms of Texas. As for the intolerable heat, it is briefly an intolerable humbug. There are very few points in the South where there is as much suffering during the summer months from heat as in Philadelphia, or where the nights are not cooler from being relieved either by sea or mountain-breezes. Yet, there is probably more hard work done in Philadelphia and the vicinity during the summer than in any other city of the same population at the same time in the world. So much

for an Unanswerable Argument. Perhaps there are facts modifying my own rebutter. Yes, 'and perhaps again.' But the Argument is not Unanswerable.

Another of these precious Impregnable positions is the one so often advanced by my Secession friends in a modified form of What will he do with it? 'Sir,' exclaims a secessionist, (it is remarkable, by the way, that secessionists, like all Southerners, are given to what poor Winthrop happily described as wearing black clothes and saying *Sir*,) 'what do you propose to do with the South, even granting that you *can* conquer her? Do you expect, Sir, to hold her as a conquered province. And if not—what then, Sir? Just at present this particular Unanswerable is in high favor with the Doughfaces, Compromisers, and all other varieties of that Moral Mulatto animal who flits bat-like between the contending armies of the Birds and Beasts. Suppose we conquer it, what shall we do with our South?

Before attacking this fresh Unanswerable, let us turn it well over. The fact is, that the WAR, in all its relations, is as yet far from being understood. It takes longer to learn a war than to learn a language. Nay, to fully comprehend one, it is perhaps necessary to be born in a war and grow up to it. A war does not seriously paralyze manufactures, disorganize exchanges and reverse all the conditions of business when people are familiar with and *comprehend* it. The great wealthy towns of Europe which flourished along the old line of Oriental trade—Augsburg, Nuremberg, Bruges, Ghent and the rest, grew up in war. The weaver sat sword-girt at his loom, and the Fugger drew his little bill on London as he did his cross-bow on the enemy. They comprehended war.

Let us, then, to understand this war of ours, begin by observing that no people can be said to *realize* it, who intuitively avoid all consideration of extreme measures of hostility. To win, one must be prepared to go as far at least as the adversary. Moderately if we can, fiercely if we must, is the rule popularly formulised by the exhortation to some daller of ancient days by the expression, 'Shoot, Luke, or give up the gun!' Here the South have an advantage over us; they know their guilt, and knowing *dare* more than we do. They have consequently had no scruple in adopting extremely severe measures from the beginning. They have struck twelve to begin with. The C. S. A. had scarcely entered on their bastard life ere Jefferson Davis promptly proclaimed the adoption of privateering. Privateering is in reality very nearly an anagram for a synonym. Call it Pirateering, and you have what it amounts to, in reality, since there was never yet a prize privateered in which some injury was not inflicted in some way on *neutral* parties. We, however, do not endure the sending of vessels to 'skin' the Southern coast and plunder the sea-side plantations. We have not got so far yet as to retaliate. Full retaliation is as yet only a future possibility. Stick a pin there, reader, and remember that from the refusing to abide by the election in which they had taken chances, down to date, the Southrons have in every instance *led* in aggression, in impropriety, in dishonorable and irritating outrage.

Since long-time, Northern men have been frequently hung, robbed, tarred and feathered, or forcibly enlisted in the South. In a few perfectly authentic

instances, women — ladies — have been imprisoned and most infamously treated both by Southern mobs and Southern magistrates, the offence in some cases being that of expressing Union sentiments, but more frequently the mere accident of Northern birth. Here with us secessionists flaunt about in society, act openly as spies, nay, as in Breckinridge's case, utter their insolent treason in Congress, and are paid by us for so doing without the slightest danger. Here also we have not got so far as the genial and fiery Southrons. They are again in this, decidedly ahead. Observe, reader, I find no fault with the North. I simply say that we have all these things as yet off our consciences. We have not swindled the South — millions of Southern dollars now lie in New-York banks — we might 'nip' the foe in a thousand ways, were we as nippingly inclined as he.

Again, how proper has been our conduct as regards the negro? On this subject the Southern alarm-clock long since struck twelve in its loudest and most portentous tones. I have enjoyed the inestimable advantage of perusing in editorial sanctums a fair share of such Southern journals as have of late reached the North, and can testify that on this subject they have done their utmost to goad their readers to madness. The main object of the whole campaign, they say, is simply to excite black revolt, and urge them to make of the South another San Domingo! Our white troops have, they assert, been stimulated by official assurances of unlimited ravishing and plunder, among the first families, but the negro is to be the great agent in all this hell-work. 'Lying,' according to Napoleon I., 'is a power,' and it must be conceded that, from this point of view, our Southern cotemporaries are wonderfully powerful men. They have carried this tremendous and dangerous power to the extreme of extravagance. Now, how is it here in the North? The United States Government — very properly, of course — is nervously anxious not to offend any body concerned, by indorsing in any way negro emancipation. General Butler is even very generally and popularly praised, because he, with jurisprudent shrewdness, solves the difficulty by pronouncing the negro a contraband. As a contraband, Cuffy is allowed, in very limited numbers, to sweep up the camp, and is 'returned' to any negro-thief from over the border, who chooses to swear a custom-house oath as to the property. Great pains are taken to prevent the contraband from escaping North with Yankee regiments; every thing is done, in fact, to establish a delicate regard for pro-slavery feeling. 'Nothing is allowed in this exhibition to offend the feelings of the most fastidious!' So that it is not to be much wondered at, that John Bull, who has heard so much of the d——d Abolitionists, is amazed that since we have the name so thoroughly and completely, we have not the pluck to secure a little of the game. John don't understand us, of course! Meanwhile, our Christian forbearance is richly rewarded by the most stupendous, overwhelming, crushing and tearing slander, and lies conceivable. That is what we get for it.

So far so good. But the war is a terrible and stupendous *truth*, which must come to a head. Sooner or later it will get to extremes. It is a great pity, a very great pity, but extremes is the word. I am sorry to say it, but no man who has had his eyes open here among us since the war begun can doubt

that the fever of Abolitionism has advanced with tremendous strides since the South has plunged into the headlong career of falsehood, oppression and fury, which characterized her conduct in the war. Our leaders and diplomatists and parlor politicians may proceed as gingerly as they please, but the MULTITUDE are taking a short-cut at the difficulty. We may regret it, but there is no fooling with facts. The crevasse is cracking, deny it or not, just as you please; but *unless the South yields, the days of slavery are numbered*. And not such a very long number either!

Now we are coming to the preliminary question: 'What shall we do with our South?' If it refuses to conform to the Constitution, if it will *not* live amicably with us under the mild and easy bond which is essential to our very existence, why, the war must go on. On, on, on, as far as you please. The most terrible defeat shall not daunt us, and we can *bear* far more than our fiery foe. There is no Waterloo for a Yankee. But every step as we go on sees all the delicate scruples of which I have spoken vanish; while at the end of all rises the terrible spectre of complete, unanimous Abolition.

You men of the South, who have yelled, gasped, and howled 'Abolition' for so many years at every fluttering Northern rag, do you know *what* that wolf will look like when he really comes? You have cried, 'Wolf, wolf!' and the dough-faces, ay, and true Northern shepherds, too, have run time and again to help you, and found that it was all naught. God help you *when* he comes, for you will see him like the wolf Fenris of Northern fable, whose hell-flaming jaws are to swallow a world. Keep quiet, there has been no abolitionism as yet. I do not think that even in the *Tribune* office there is a thorough out-and-out abolitionist; that is to say, one of those intermediate links between a Red Jacobin and the Devil, who would literally San Domingo your whole country with blood and fire. But, *gare le loup!* beware the wolf! Put fire to gun-powder and it *will* explode, though all the holy ones of earth were worshipping about it. And the gun-powder is all here.

An abolitionized North would be a belt of ruin to a slave-holding South, though the latter had ten times its present power. As I said of the war, nobody has as yet learned it in all its fulness. When a man becomes an out-and-out abolitionist, he thinks that to free a negro, and if need be kill his master, is to do God service. He becomes a fanatic of the most terrible type. Keep on with your pirate privateering, your intolerable lies, robberies and murders, and you will see these fanatics springing up by millions. You have heard of the late great military rising in the North, of the men who pour in to be enlisted, of the millions subscribed. Let real abolitionism go on at the present rate, and, as the Lord liveth, there will be a rising compared to which this excitement will be as a lucifer match to a powder-mill explosion. For then your last active, fearfully active, foe, will be the last living man of the North.

The not very scrupulous multitude will in time weary of indecisive strife, and begin to look about for means to effectually smash the South. Beware of a man who has a revolver in his hand, while his brain is seeking an argument to let drive at you, for there is great danger that he will speedily find one. When the Abolition revolver begins to spin, look out. There will be little

dread *then* of what we shall do with you if conquered. A South without negro slaves cannot be imagined as existing. You can be reduced to territories, or whatever we please. There is nothing but the negro in you ; he forms your whole character !

When the North *officially* recognizes the freedom of the black, the jig will be up. How long will it take for the multitude to be ready for any thing ? There are not many widows and orphans and brotherless brothers and fathers without sons as yet. Only here and there I hear a sad wail. But wait till they are plenty ; wait till Southern falsehood and cruelty and treason have hung crape on ten thousand doors ! God avert that day. But it is not what *I* wish or what *you* wish, but the inevitable Must with which we have here to deal.

When the bereaved multitude clamor for the recognition of general emancipation, there will be very little trouble as to What we Shall Do with Our South !

THE DIRGE OF THE PRIVATEERS.

WHAT craft is that whose flaunting sail

We see along the shore,

The rebel ensign at her peak,

The black flag at her fore ?

Say, dare these brigands of the land,

Beard us upon the seas ?

Then, short the shrift and stout the cord

For braggarts such as these !

The flag that waves above the brave,

And wrestles with the blast,

Now falls before a pirate crew,

Dishonored from the mast !

And shall these carrion vultures prey

Upon our native seas ?

No ! short the shrift and stout the cord

For braggarts such as these !

No spot on Freedom's sacred soil

Should hold the pirate's tomb ;

A nameless grave beneath the wave

Should be the outlaw's doom :

Then hurl them down, unknelled, unwept,

Below the angry seas ;

Short be the shrift and stout the cord

For miscreants such as these !

NOTES OF WOMANKIND ABROAD.

BY WILLIAM L. TIFFANY.

Nor many months ago I was suddenly called for a season to Europe. What I went to see in the transatlantic regions is of no consequence; suffice it to say, that the most noticeable thing that I *did* see there was the fair sex. Now then, *the why* that the female tribes so arrested my wayfaring attention, springs — to say nothing of the native seductiveness peculiar to this manner of creation — from the fact, proved abundantly by statistics, that women are more plenteous in the old world than with us, and that the part they play in the round of life is more public. This is an all-overpowering feature to a right American as he sojourns in foreign lands; he never gets over it. Yet, let it here be understood that my 'notes' are of the briefest, crudest sort, as I saw my charmers only on the run.

I landed first in France. Women are decidedly an 'institution' among the Gauls; that blessed banner the Petticoat is there always gayly flaunting before your eyes, save when you are asleep. Your observation is first drawn to the crowds of (let the weather be as it will) unbonneted work-women speeding to-and-fro through the main town-streets. Many of these wear no head-gear at all beyond their hair, while others tramp, or rather trip along, crowned by a white-frilled cotton cap, much resembling the American female night-cap. All are of noticeably stout forms and ruddy, ripe complexion, with large feet and hands, and strong, white teeth, and oftener than now and then, with something on their upper lip strongly like unto a light moustache. They are generally a jocular and apparently an efficient crew. You cannot call them exactly polite, though from their jocularly their intercourse is marked with something allied to politeness, after all. Their clothing is of course of substantial texture, yet clean in the main, and sits upon them neatly. Their digestion is far too good, for them as a whole to be possessed of large supplies of 'sentiment;' still I have seen individuals among them crying like the most stocking-factory girl in America; yet it was from real grief, as I swiftly learned, and not from 'disappointed hopes,' or 'want of appreciation.' Naturally they are large feeders, devouring bread in great 'chunks,' and drinking that blood-red vinegar (humorously known among them as wine) by the quart. Sometimes they smoke; but more commonly they snuff. Yet are these practices so managed among them as not to be offensive; but, O Brother Dickens! ci-devant exhorter to Uncle Sam to repent of sin in general, and of the vice of expectoration in particular, why hast thou not vouchsafed a word touching the latter clause to the fair (not only of low, but also of high degree, if the whole truth must be told) just over the Channel? Let us dwell on the business no longer: continence, we read, is its own reward. Those women associate with their male mates on terms of

perfect equality, talking to them in brave, deep voices on every topic they can think of, and (which our American women of whatever class do not) actually feeling equal to the masculine nature in every way. Beauty, or what is specially designated by that name, which Mr. Buckle's men and the Transcendental Pundits of New-England (kings of the upper and nether regions smelling at one rose this time) have sufficiently demonstrated to be contingent upon a large bank account, they of course are not gifted with. Still, if you deny them when taken as a body, exceeding wholesomeness and comeliness, you fib grandly. And now, O Pundits! merely tell us how to diffuse the like wholesomeness of visage and form among our American work-women, and your treatises shall so sell that your grandsons shall replenish New-England with sun-gods!

The vocations followed by this class of the French female population are of necessity various. Some of them pursue the ancient and honorable art of agriculture, wending their way out of the towns in the morning to the distant fields to dig and hoe, and pitch manure, with brow as sweaty and hand as nimble as that of any Jean or François of them all. This part of the horde are very brown and tanned of skin, grow old comparatively early, and when old, are, I regret to say, very ugly, which, when you consider that the chief end of a woman is to be as good-looking as she can till the day she dies, clearly proves that some of their hard, out-of-door work could be profitably pretermitted. Another class are venders of small wares, fish — what the people of the middle states call 'truck' — and so forth. These venders of fish are a particularly noticeable breed. 'In boyhood's breezy hour,' to quote from the facetious Micawber, I had often wondered, when reading the story, what manner of women it was that raised such rare old rows during the French Revolution. When I came to man's estate I solved the mystery; for one fine day I fell among a conclave of Gallic fish-wives. There they sat around the market-house — the market hours were over, by-the-by — either singing, gazing about, or elbow to knee chaffing with one another, with an easy, devil-may-care fashion, fit to give any one, as we say, 'properly alive to a sense of decorum,' the horrors for a year and a day. They were all strong, lusty and broad-shouldered, with a sort of fierceness lurking in the eye which you swiftly apprehended was but little if any short of barbaric, and a snapping energy playing about the rest of their dark yet not over-heavy features, which assured you that they could right readily be 'on hand' for a 'spree' of whatsoever kind. Though I have said that all the French work-women are of neat presence, I was glad to see that these were remarkably so; the proprieties of their sex were not so far forgotten (though the nature of their calling may have had something to do with it) but that their frocks were trig and trim, their frilled caps sat saucily (yet wofully out of place, as you may conceive,) over their swart flowing locks, and many of them even condescended to the femininity of wearing proper aprons. Still, under all this conformity to the clothes philosophy, the Mœnad propensity (which is, after all, as I suddenly recollect, to a greater or less extent, and most curiously withal, a characteristic of the fish-wife the wide world over) asserted itself all triumphantly, and you at once recognized a clan who, with a little of the right kind of coaxing, would operate in September

Massacres or any other hell-dance with an unction quite up to the occasion. Adventurous countryman, when voyaging in either Normandie, Bretagne, or Provence, though thou mayst freely, nay creditably — looking at the thing from a gastronomic point of view — disburse thy coin for fish, beware, I pray thee, of the uncommonly stalwart quean who proffereth the same!

But chiefest in number of this petticoated street-troop are the house-maids or child's nurses, for as far as I could discern, both are in reality one. Some of the elder of these show a tendency to a certain sort of strong-mindedness. That is to say, they go about with a 'we know what we know, and if we would speak we could tell' sort of an air. They affect punctuality at mass. They buy their marketing or groceries and do their chores with a pretty well got up guise of responsibility. To make a long story short, they are the hard-heads, the 'old uns' of their party; and it is easy to see that they hold complete authority over the households wherein they are quartered, and in particular rule *Madame* with a rod of iron. Not so are the rank and file of this sisterhood, for they take the field as careless and jolly as beggars. Wherever a bit of red ribbon or other such gear will best become them, they are sure, provided they can only procure it, to affix it all vauntingly. They are the constantly adored and the endlessly pursued of those regiments of little red-legged soldiers which are formed of their countrymen, and hence they have an abundance of flirtation and consequently no end of heavenly delight. This appears to be the most serious part of their vocation, while, when a less preoccupied mood admits, they are fain to make way to the public squares and gardens, carefully leading and bearing multitudes and flocks of the infantile and juvenile world, and there frolic it and romp it so that you, looking on, are forced to laugh and say: 'Yes, the larger the growth the more child-like the child.'

Your next knowledge of the sex is gained in the cafés and shops; the first of these places yielding at least one piece of truly notable experience in this line. Very many are in one way or other called to the café, that is, if it is at all a pretentious establishment; but the Chosen One, the Informing Presence thereof, is the lady who sits at the counter, all reverently known as *Madame*. *Madame* is from thirty to forty years of age. Her person is usually stout as becometh the Jove-like or ruling species, she has the best of health, and a spirit as redoubtable as that of any corporal of Zouaves: though she yet impresses you as all Woman, nothing more or less. Her dress is decidedly of that sort known as the elegant. Fiddle-faddles she leaves, as out-spoken Brooklyn Walt hath it, 'for foo-foos;' for her is the plain but rich *moirée antique* or its congeners, duly selected as to season, etc., cut and fitted with matchless 'style;' and luxuriant hair, nicely smoothed over the most imperious of brows. Whoso that would behold a really 'fine-looking' woman, let him note well this *Madame* — this Prima Donna of the Victualing Department! As she sits there in her velvet chair behind her marble counter, which so sparkles with flowers and silver and glass, she has constructed a sort of boudoir unto herself. Her pet newspaper is at hand; her pet lap-dog squats at her foot-stool, regarding her fondly with its tearful eyes; her pet bit of knitting or embroidery waits to be completed; and beside her sits her pet old-maid, (*Madame* is quite too cun-

ning to have any thing like a mere girl, heedlessly inflammable and all that, in a place of such substantial thrift as her own,) to serve as assistant, confidant or targe for little shafts of passing spleen, as the accidents of a mutative world may decide. Do n't fail to recognize that Madame is, as the Yankees say, 'very smart' withal—indeed I never saw a Yankee even from Worcester county, Massachusetts, and I have seen a great many, where they either have, used to have, or ought to have, pork and beans and b'iled cod-fish every day—who was half as 'smart.' As the world (*le monde*) pours into her to be fed, she fires off her sharp eye-glances every where at once, and uses words so swift-winged as to set not only the waiters one and all, but even her very husband, who usually mopeth about the premises in dubious, or more properly, hen-pecked mood, a-flying! Then, after an interval, she proceeds with the neatest chirography to prepare multitudes of the reckonings of the nimbly disappearing courses—no one figure amiss in all the vast array—and at the same time takes charge of the streams of yellow Napoleons flowing to her counter-till, giving the requisite 'change' with Rhadamantine exactitude. Clearly, a person of some force is Madame! And all this, too, without the slightest fuss, awkwardness, or bad grammar, but with composure perfect and a dignity as of the gods. Did you have half a notion, O slightly suspicious (if no worse) Son of Greenness! that because Madame is according to our nomenclature a Public Character and foreign at that, that she eke betrayeth the coquettish turn? Learn, then, that the lady knowing a thing or two, is not without rare discretion on this head. When for the first time you pass her throne on your passage to your dinner-table, you touch your hat in your peculiarly killing style, to which she responds by meteing out for you one of the daintiest of smiles, backed by an excessively gracious bow. As you take your seat, charmed to the full at such a cordial reception, and with what the novel-writers call 'hopes' speedily rising in your heart, you farther observe that she regards you for a moment with eye of greatest piercingness. But keep cool, O friend! it is all a *rôle* that we are constantly playing, and at this particular juncture we are merely determining your social status, and the likelihood of your being able to settle your scot; at which business, through long practice, we are great adepts. The scrutiny, indeed, and the all-important opinion formed, (favorably, of course,) you represent so much money to Madame, and sooner or later—provided you prosecute your researches with proper industry—you discover the existence of said little enactment, and comfort yourself as best you may. Briefly, my ordinary friend, you are all very well, but you at least are not the man. Put this in your pipe, and smoke it. So much for Madame and her habitudes.

It is notorious that your Frenchman has but little liking or aptitude for trade. This is not the case with his wife and daughters, however, which fact, combined with their great prominence in their day and generation, ordains that in buying almost every thing, certainly every thing from a shirt to a cigar, in Gallic lands, you deal with them. Believe me, they are 'enterprising business folks,' these merchantesses. Not only are they arrayed with distracting becomingness, but when such a thing is at all possible, they add to this piece of strategy (O divine Madame Julie! Numere —, Gallerie Montpensier, Palais

Royale!) the artful insinuation upon you of ripest busts and tapering waists. In addition to this, they are completely skilled in moving intonations of voice. They improvise the most heart-softening attitudes. They affect to declare that they trade from the heart and not from the intellect. And combined with all this, the truly 'far-sighted,' 'long-headed,' etc., among them, pensively smell pretty bouquets and pet gray-hounds at you, and even with the very slightest provocation proceed to 'take you into their confidence.' Men, or a good share of them, at least, being merely mortal, it is hard to withstand 'bamboozling' and 'honeyfogling' of this kind, and the upshot of your mercantile transactions with our ingenuous fair, is, that when you go home to your hotel and tell your austere cousin from Virginia all about it, and what moneys you exchanged for gloves, collars, and so on, he pronounces your fund of shrewdness so very 'smole'—he means 'small,' the sweet-tongued Southron—that you sit silent and 'mad' for a full hour, inwardly swearing every other minute 'never to tell him any thing again.'

'Yes, they are a sleek, smooth-speaking, smooth-mannered, 'nice'-looking tribe, our French shop-keeping dames and damsels, but in many, many instances, not other than a hard tribe; and in many instances a *very* hard tribe. Fearful stories are told in Paris (in particular) of their common openness to corruption, and of the overpowering lust of certain of them for jewels, gay apparel, and other sorts of fleshly pride; and the variety of loose shifts which they adopt to procure the same, no one of which I incline to relate: it being 'too bad' so to do. Still, we cannot give up the party just yet. For in all human probability, that female who for a season (alas! that the time is so short) will prove just 'the nicest' she (mind I don't say angelic, and so forth) that you will encounter throughout the entire length and breadth of France, will be a shop-girl; especially if your occasions should lead you to one of the better kinds of what we denominate 'Gentlemen's Furnishing Stores.' Imagine—I am bringing out, as far as simple externals go, the very flower of the flock—imagine, I say, a slim but perfectly rounded eighteen or twenty-year-old girl, with clean-cut, expressive countenance, standing before you; dressed in flowing black silk, and the most tasteful snow-white collar and contrasting ribbon about her neck, and hair à la *Venus de Milos*. She seems a very emblem of neatness, cleanliness, and whatever else is uncommonly 'taking' in her sex, this creature; and, moreover, has so winning a manner, that many an American woman, of whatsoever grade in life, would do well to go hundreds of leagues to study it. Truly, the heart instinctively rejoices before so fair a type of womanhood, and the strait more than a little menaces your peace. But, as I have already intimated, your gladness in her departs ere long. For in thinking the matter all over, you now remember to have seen Mademoiselle upon one occasion at your *café*, (where from its expensiveness she could never have been legitimately,) all bonneted and braceleted in quite tip-top style, (as is her wont at such times,) and supping it sumptuously, and bousing it lavishly with a swell of grandest get-up possible; while a little closer observation divulges—oh! rudely enough for the tenderness you were beginning to nourish for her—that almost all her 'moral forces' are thoroughly demoralized, nay,

routed to the full, (showing it to your cooler eye, in her face at last,) and that she is on her way to the 'bow-wows,' as fast as she can run.

We will now consider that you have been long enough in some French city — and suppose we say Paris, which truly in a great measure 'is France,' as is said — to have found your way amongst the gay world as it disports itself along the promenades and drives. Here again a great adroitness in the art of personal adornment makes itself speedily manifest. Though rarely, very rarely, does the wide flow of crinoline disclose a face at all nympean, yet with what exceeding taste and fitness are the nymphs arrayed! Any approximation to aught like flashiness, or slatternness, you nowhere see even a vestige of; while the highest richness of texture of shawl and gown, the highest skill of shaping and disposing the same, and the highest cunning in the disposition of flower and flounce — and no one knows what can be done with these latter adjuncts till he has seen them used after the Parisian manner — you remark most abundantly on every hand. And though the dears are certainly on the whole of less glaring attire than their American sisters of like walk in life, they have quite as much if not more of what lovers of that creature next unto woman beautiful — namely, 'The Horse,' expressively term 'bloom;' and, moreover, their boots and gloves are gotten up in every individual instance with the distinct aim of making you feel sweetly uneasy, and succeed perfectly in so doing. Those of the ladies that are on foot, you observe, walk with more springiness of step than our Columbian daughters; and as they trip on the end of their toes over the crossings — with their skirts daintily gathered in one hand *vous concevez* — you are made aware — the amateur that you are in such matters, you know — that their 'limbs' are fine, very, very fine. They look one and all in good case, as if they made hearty meals — which indeed they do, since not a few of them come in family-groups to your *café*, dining, as you furtively detect, (it is n't polite to scrutinize ladies at meat, you know,) plenteously, and pouring the cool Bourdeaux down their ruby throats in copious bumpers. They chat together as they lounge along, in about the same measure as our ladies do under the same circumstances, but with manner far more gracious as well as demonstrative, and with voices — as you not unfrequently discern — at once richer and more flexibly keyed. They are not an incurious race, but when practicable freely stop to examine and admire what strikes their fancy in passing — now a child driving its tiny team of gayly-harnessed goats, and now a Savoyard urchin with coney and white rat — and, farther, they have the gift of eyeing the men, and at the same time not seeming so to do: a gift I find common to the sex in many countries. They are all or nearly all of middle age; or, at all events, all are out of their 'teens.' You see no rearing, tearing individuals of girlhood among them as you do on our promenades — for girlhood is a 'persuasion' which in France is as far as possible circumscribed to bread and butter, and back-gardens, as it ought to be. But if there are no girls among them, there are plenty of dogs, each lady appearing to believe that for full and perfect consolation, whether in-doors or out, there is nothing like unto the possession of a pet dog, whether a weeping poodle or snake-built grey-hound. They promenade or drive for the most part alone, or certainly

they are but seldom escorted by their husbands. They do not, as a usual thing, set great store by their husbands, these same ladies of France! To be sure they permit the poor souls to dine with them, and sometimes pay their little needs; 'but, good Sir of inquiring mind, the relation existing between ourselves and husbands is most proper; it is that of *amitie*: we meet and part *amis*.' In consequence of which little arrangement — one also discerns — our hearts go roving a good deal, and we have high times in this direction.

Very grand among this throng loom up the 'Queens of Society,' whether princess, duchess, or plain *madame*. For the most part, they go rolling by in carriage-and-four, with postillion and footman all of Cinderella fashion, the lady lolling prominently on a seat arranged in the rearward part of the spectacle. She is a thing worth viewing, this personage, were it never so briefly. She is, or appears to be, of passable shape; has the 'distinguished air' or not, as the case happens to be; has the richest, costliest garb; has the inevitable, wet-eyed blue-ribboned poodle, sitting gracefully opposite her on its ham; has neck and cheek properly painted and powdered; and, besides, (oh! blessings without end on the inventor of the 'dodge!') wears on the nether eye-lid just a tiniest line of jet, which causes our general expression to be one of the most provoking, yet cool, meretriciousness possible to be conceived. 'Yes, we have gone and done it this heat,' the princesses with the painted eye-lids seem to say, 'and the best thing a despairing admirer can do under the circumstances, is to drown himself in the first mud-puddle he can find.' 'Tight papers,' hard conditions these, arn't they? Yet hard as they are, I have nothing to say in the way of meliorating the statement, since I know not the least word farther descriptive of these high and mighty divinities. Neither from observation nor hearsay, could I gain any thing more pertaining to them. In the words of a rural poet, not unknown 'to men of wit and generosity,' and I apply them with duly chastened spirit: 'We sfer was to 'umble.' I was not in that line, you see. To be sure, I tried hard enough to get in, went through all the preliminary motions religiously, but my ancestry (in the old country, I mean) was unlike that of most Americans who travel — utterly ignoble: not a single member of the nameless line had ever been even so much as a colonel of militia. This fatal circumstance had never been forgotten, I find — the Nobs would have nothing to do with me. Why, do n't you think that once on a time a lean poverty-stricken count (not a very high kind of an aristocrat, you know) would n't even win my money at 'a little game' of pin-pool, my social rank was so greatly inferior to his. The force of nature could no farther go. Therefore, reader, if you follow my direction, we must e'en make up our minds, and bid the queens of society a final 'dâdâ;' yet, nevertheless, taking the liberty of hoping that, like singed cats, they are better than they look.

Nomadic at their own sweet will, amidst the crowd wherein we watch, are pairs and trios of young females, who whether flaunting it on the pavement, or clattering by on horseback, or serenely trundling about in high-colored cabriolet, ever attract the eye by a certain game-cock manner of carriage, and a

certain 'fastness' of costume. These good friends—and do not shriek, for they shall do you not the slightest manner of harm—are *lorettes*. Though certainly not exactly 'exclusive,' they are likewise queens. If not of 'good society,' why, then, of 'bad society,' and are this description of queens and not the other, simply, as I suspect, because they have no money or birth-right in their own right. We read that 'money makes the mare go,' my pious Sir! Admitting it to be on the whole the correct thing, though they may have introduced the ideas for aught I know, they have, you observe, the painted eye-lids, the cool meretricious expression, and, when practicable, the dear little dog fast by a string. Also, they are finely costumed, and as well tastefully so, (when you come to look at their garb as a thing by itself,) but still in a 'crack' style, and in one that is evidently later than that sported by the beauties around them. This circumstance is readily explained, however; for learn, O student of humanity, that the *lorettes* have both the gift and habit of originating 'the fashions' for the entire female civilized world; (what do you say to that, respectable and church-going Mesdames Brown, Jones and Robinson?) and as a consequence our American wives and daughters, with their notorious love for fresh attire, are ever donning the uniform which a frail sister has discarded a year or so ago. But this knack of hitting the popular feminine mood with regard to clothes, is but a part of the endowments of these Phrynes. Their manners—I mean simply their modes of address, and the like—are, you have abundant opportunity of observing, unexceptionable; nay, usually surpassingly fine. All that tact and suavity can do for any one, they do for them. Likewise, by taking the proper pains, you learn that they know every thing, and can do every thing, though it is done with such a 'rush,' so to speak, as commonly to keep those milksops known, in feminines' speech, as 'the men' a little in the back-ground. In certain of their resorts—advertised as 'entirely respectable'—you are made aware that they speak two or three tongues, slang and all; that they are versed in various literatures, both creditable and discreditable; that they are jolly companions, emitting all kinds of pungent talk, as water floweth from a fountain; and that they dance every known dance, including the *can-can*. In certain other of their resorts—advertised not only as 'entirely respectable, but perfectly fashionable'—(which last indeed they are, being no other than suburban and other watering-places,) you note that the dears are fain to find diversion in driving fast horses; riding to hounds; shooting flying, (at least I saw one shooting at gulls hovering over the distant sea;) rowing boats; singing ornate melodies; and betting at *rouge et noir*, and other 'little games.' My conscience, do you but sport your money sufficiently free with them, and see how swiftly they will turn from baser joys, and spend the same in travel, *objets of vertu*, the personal decorative kind, and such like quality; and what they are prone to call 'little suppers,' but what are really scarce less than unnamable orgies! Yes, verily have they a weakness for various pleasures, their Gallic fervor, elasticity of nature, and height of animal spirits, proving the incentive thereto, and, what is more, spurring them onward in their chase, defiant of results. As far as personal beauty goes, it must be acknowledged that they have but little, as a class,

though you often remark tolerably well-developed figures among them. But their true charm (?) is entirely spiritual; they work, as philosophers say, by 'genius.' Indeed, to scrutinize them physically very closely, and when they are for a moment off their guard—a thing which even they with all their sharpness cannot sometimes prevent—they appear the exact reverse of beautiful. For then it is that hidden and repulsive lines in their faces come to light, lines wonderfully like those on the faces of gamblers and blacklegs, telling that a devil lurks somewhere in the depths of their nature, and that they are without tenderness and true generosity, their gayety and open-handedness notwithstanding. As might be expected, our earthly kingdom is theirs but briefly, but for the burst of one short riotous summer. 'Tis the old story of folly and unwisdom consummating a perfect work. While they have youth and freshness, they thrive, or seem so to do. When these wane, the spectres neglect, want, and the rest, begin to harry them, and ere long the depths of the Seine or the lazar-house claim all that is left of the poor *lorette*: mercy on her soul!

As we are just now dealing with Parisian women, and as one seldom or never visits Paris without seeing the famous Empress Eugénie with more or less frequency, it is perhaps not amiss to say a word—just the briefest one—respecting her. The Empress, then, is really a most beautiful woman: the first time we have seen such in all her dominions. Tall, lithe, and of exquisite mould, she has also the loveliest face: one whose features are not only faultless, but one whereon rare nobleness of expression sits enthroned. Moreover, she is a woman to command lasting homage, this Empress—to be honored and prayed for: for while her presence is thus fair, her acts are (and most notoriously so now-a-days) of a piece with it; as the queenly heart feeleth, the queenly hand performs. It is to be noticed of late that she has a melancholy look withal. The reason of this? Well—the reason is not one, but many. But, to sum up the matter in a single phrase, the world and its state hath become as 'a fleeting show' to this mighty Princess; that deep, true, woman's heart just finding it all out. Let us most respectfully return her genial but sad salute, as clad in plainest sables she drives along that shady avenue traversing 'The Elysian Fields,' attended by prancing equeries and guardsmen, at the same time wishing in our hearts, truly royal lady, peace be unto you!

THE DEATH OF COLONEL THOUREAU.

I AM a Northern man by birth; a lawyer by profession; and reside and have a tolerable practice in a Southern city, which must be nameless here, but which is not more than a thousand miles from Charleston, S. C.

So much of myself I have thought it proper to state, by way of introduction to the singular story I am about to relate.

Three years ago the present month of August, I found time to make a visit to the home of my childhood in Massachusetts. Sojourning some days in Boston, I was one day in the office of an old school-mate and fellow-graduate—Mr. Richards let us call him—a lawyer already of some note as a counsellor, and occupying the responsible position of confidential adviser to the most solid Life-Insurance Company in New-England's capital.

'You are just here in time,' said R. to me; 'I have a matter submitted to me, in which you can, perhaps, give me some information.'

Thereupon he proceeded to tell me that the Volcano Life-Insurance Company had but that morning received a proposal for effecting an insurance upon the life of a Colonel Thoreau resident in the city of which I also was an inhabitant. The proposition had come directly to the Company in Boston, not, as usual, through their local agent. It was accompanied with the necessary medical and other certificates as to health, habits, etc.; and so far, was perfectly regular. The amount desired to be insured alone caused hesitation on the part of the Directors. Colonel T., who was already forty years of age, desired to secure to his legal heirs the sum of \$25,000.

The Company, R. informed me in confidence, had recently sustained some severe losses by the unexpected demise of persons insured to considerable amounts. At least one of these deaths had excited suspicion of foul play on the part of claimants; and it was determined, while investigating the causes of past losses, to be extremely guarded in the future.

'Now, our correspondent is a townsman of yours: can you not give me some information concerning him?'

I knew Colonel T. by sight. He boarded at a hotel where I lived; and I had noticed him there chiefly on account of his partiality for a game of chess, and his generally quiet and unobtrusive manners. He was a moderately stout, hale-looking man, with slightly gray hair, erect carriage, and good complexion. This was all I could say of him; and this—so far as it went—looked quite favorable.

'When you return, I wish you would ascertain something of this gentleman for me. We shall hold his proposal under consideration for some weeks. The risk is too large to act precipitately.'

Two weeks thereafter I was back in my office. I lost no time in making such quiet inquiries among my friends concerning Colonel T. as I thought would elicit the information desired by R. I could learn, however, but very little. In fact, there seemed but little to be known. The Colonel—so I was

told—was a Louisianian, of French descent. He had been a planter, but had some years before, for what reason no one knew, sold out his plantation and negroes, and removed to New-York, where he spent a winter, and then removed to his present place of residence. He had brought his wife with him; but during the first year of their residence here, they had disagreed, and separated in a very quiet way. For the last three and a half years the Colonel had lived alone in a quiet but pleasant part of the city, occupying the first floor of a small house, having but one hired servant, an old negro woman, who was lodged in the attic; and taking his meals, as I before mentioned, at an hotel in the neighborhood. In his habits he was reputed simple and regular. He made much use of cold and shower-baths; played at chess more or less every day, and was somewhat curiously given to mathematical studies. He had no regular employment, but was a gentleman of leisure. As for his means of subsistence, no one could give me any information. Only, that his income was sure and sufficient, seemed certain from the fact that his wife lived handsomely, at the other extreme of the town, and there appeared to be no debts. I ought to have mentioned before that they had no children.

All this seemed satisfactory, and I lost no time in communicating these details to my friend R. in Boston.

To my surprise, the Directory did not find them so full as I had thought. Their local agent, a young legal friend of mine, received directions to communicate with me on the subject, with the request that I lend my aid to its farther elucidation. It was thought especially desirable to ascertain something about the actual pecuniary circumstances, and the family affairs of the Colonel.

I counselled Millard, the agent, to put these remaining questions frankly at once to Colonel T. himself. He did so, and received for reply that his wife was his only heir, that though unfortunately separated from her, he desired to provide for her in case of his sudden death; that his property was so tied up, that though it would keep him and her while he lived, it might not serve her after death. All this was communicated to Willard with such an air of frankness and honesty, that he was induced to counsel the Directory to close with the proposal; and when the resident-physician of the Company, Dr. Evarts, had again instituted a most careful examination of the Colonel's physical condition, and pronounced also a favorable opinion, the Directory in Boston no longer hesitated, but sent on the necessary documents; and on presentation of the insurance policy, Colonel T. at once handed over the amount of the premium and other charges.

It was quite natural that, having had so much to do with this affair, Colonel T., the chief party in it, should have henceforth more interest in my eyes than hitherto. In fact, my curiosity had been excited—as much by what had not been ascertained concerning the man, as by what had—and when we met, as we did daily, either after dinner in the reading-room of our hotel, or in the evening on the promenade, I looked curiously at the somewhat inscrutable face, and sought—but vainly—to cast some momentary glance into the soul which I was soon convinced used these features to conceal rather than to display

the emotions by which it was stirred. I am a man of regular habits myself—a bachelor—and Colonel T. soon became, so to speak, a part of my daily life. I looked for him in his usual haunts each day, and was at rest if he were there—or felt uneasy if, perchance, my eye did not rest upon his manly figure during my evening walk; or if his quiet corner on the hotel verandah was without him.

As for the Colonel himself, he exchanged but few words with any one. Every body knew him—by sight, that is—and so he passed current in our society. He seemed essentially a solitary man. Not misanthropic, but simply solitary. And this, at least, was so plainly written upon his face, that he was not troubled by social appeals on the part of those among whom he moved, but was left to pursue his pleasures unmolested.

To be sure, once in a while some new-comer among us would ask, ‘Who is Colonel T.?’ and we, shrugging our shoulders, would repeat the question, by way of answer, and ourselves wonder who he was. But then, he dressed well, was civil to every body, and was evidently a man of the world; and one soon loses curiosity about people who have no striking peculiarity to distinguish them from the mass.

Yet I could not help watching the Colonel. And so much did my interest in him increase, by reason of his taciturnity, I suppose, that I finally determined at all hazards to approach him and seek his acquaintance. It was already late in autumn, when I proceeded one afternoon, as usual, on my daily promenade, thinking that when I met the object of my speculations, I would make some occasion for addressing him. But he was not there.

In vain I walked and looked. I walked on, and had already continued my promenade much farther along the sea-shore than I had intended, when I was suddenly made aware, by a few big premonitory drops, that a rain-cloud was about to burst over-head. I had on light summer clothing, and, fearful of taking cold, looked hasty about for a shelter. At a little distance, I saw an unfinished house, and within its walls I found shelter from the rain, which soon began to pour down in right earnest. The clouds had shortened the twilight, and it was now quite dark.

Presently I became aware that I was not the only occupant of the shelter. I heard voices, seemingly at but little distance. I was enabled to distinguish two; both base, but one evidently belonging to a young man, the other, the deeper and energetic tones of an older man.

The rain ceased as suddenly as it had begun. As I was preparing to step forth from my place of shelter, the owners of the voices approached. I stepped back involuntarily, when the tones of the elder struck my ear familiarly.

‘You have all, now?’ asked he.

‘Yes, all,’ was the answer of the younger, in a somewhat excited tone.

‘And you recollect your oath?’

‘Yes, Sir; you may depend upon me.’

‘Neither sooner nor later; let nothing prevent you. You know the house. You will surely go?’

‘Punctually, Sir.’

'Well, you may remain now, and let me pass on in advance. Remember your reward. Good-by till to-night.'

'Till to-night; I will not forget, Sir.'

The steps approached the doorway near which I had taken shelter. I stepped back silently, and peered out at the speaker, who walked swiftly by. As he passed, the sky brightened a little and I beheld — certainly, and beyond the shadow of a doubt — my mysterious friend, the Colonel. He walked at speed; and ere I had recovered from my surprise, was lost to sight in the gloom.

Singular, thought I, as I walked along homeward. It was certainly the Colonel. But what was he doing here? And who was the young person whom he adjured to 'remember his oath?' And what about to-night?

The next morning I was sitting in my private office, busily studying up an important case, for which I had to prepare the papers, when I heard my copyist denying admittance to some one who evidently desired to see me. I recognized the voice of my friend W., the insurance-agent, and willing to be excused from even him, listened to hear him go down-stairs again.

'I *must* see him,' said he. 'It is important to me. Just announce my name; and say I will not stay more than five minutes.'

I flung open my door, and greeted W., saying that business of pressing importance forced me to deny myself to every body for some hours.

'But what is the matter? You look agitated.'

'Why, yes,' said he; 'it is a misfortune, so to speak. You remember Colonel T.?'

'Certainly; what of him,' said I quickly — remembering also the incident of the previous evening.

'He is dead. He was found dead in bed this morning — his throat cut. I have just seen the corpse.'

He continued, after a pause: 'You can see how unpleasant this is for me, when you bear in mind the large risk taken on his life, and that it was at my advice it was taken.'

I still stared him in the face in vacant surprise. The news was so unexpected.

'Tell me,' said I, 'how it was.'

'The negro woman who took care of the Colonel's rooms, had gone as usual about nine o'clock to clear them up for the day. She had found the outer door fastened; had knocked repeatedly, and, not receiving any answer, had informed her master, who lived near by. A lock-smith was called to open the door, and behold a tragedy! In the inner room they had found the Colonel lying upon the bed, dead, and in a pool of blood.'

'In what condition were the rooms?'

'The inner communicating doors were wide open. The windows of the sleeping apartment were open, they opened upon the street. The furniture was in perfect order. The Colonel's gold watch and purse lay upon a toilet-stand near the head of the bed. There was some disarrangement of the bed-clothes, but not much — apparently the result of the struggles of the death-

agony. Aside from this, no article of apparel or furniture in the room seemed in the slightest degree disarranged. Life had evidently fled some hours ago. The corpse of the unhappy man was stiff and cold. A razor lay on the floor, at the bedside, as though it had fallen out of his hands.'

'And no sign of outside violence?' I asked.

'Not the least. Clearly a case of suicide; and I am not going to let our Company suffer for such a rascally proceeding,' said the irate Willard, who evidently regarded the deceased Colonel as one who had designs upon the coffers of the Volcano Life-Insurance Company.

'Of course the coroner has the matter in hand?'

'Yes.'

'Well, telegraph immediately to Boston,' said I, after momentary consideration. 'In two hours I will meet you at Colonel T.'s rooms.'

When I arrived upon the scene of the tragedy, Dr. Davis, the coroner, had already impanelled a jury, and examined the other residents of the house. My head full of the strange colloquy to which I had been an unwilling listener the previous evening, and mystified by this far more than any of the others, I listened eagerly to the evidence.

The ground-floor of the house was occupied as a dry-goods store. Its owner slept elsewhere. The floor above the Colonel's apartments was rented by an invalid with her servant. The attic was occupied by the negro woman who attended the Colonel's rooms, and by a negro laundress.

The lock of the outer door of the Colonel's apartments had not been tampered with. The key was found under the pillow, in the bed. The window, as before mentioned, was found open; but a close scrutiny of the wall, outside and in, and of the window-sill, revealed no marks of unlawful entrance.

On the floor lay the mystery! From the bed-side, where a little pool of blood had gathered on the floor, to the door, *and one step beyond, on the outside of the room*, there were the tracks of a human foot! *tracked in blood!* Only once was the impression of the whole foot given; the other tracks were as of one walking on his toes. All were of a bare foot.

The dead man's feet were bare; but they were bloodless. Moreover, on comparing, his foot was not quite so large as that which had made the track. So said one of the persons who measured. But the doctor, who examined all very carefully, was of opinion that the Colonel's bare and living foot would have left just such a track.

So far, those present were about equally divided between the two suppositions: *murder* and *suicide*.

'Why should he be murdered? He was not robbed,' said one jury-man to another.

'Why should he commit suicide; and why go out of the door after he had cut his throat; and how get back?' was asked in answer.

Several persons were now examined. A night-watchman deposed to seeing a light in the Colonel's room till about ten o'clock the previous night.

The lady who resided above, had heard, between two and three o'clock in the morning, a noise as of one hastily throwing open a door, in the Colonel's room.

The woman-servant of the invalid lady had seen the Colonel going up-stairs to his room about nine the previous evening. She noticed no change from his usual appearance, but thought he walked slower than in general.

The laundress, being interrogated, stated that she was awakened about three o'clock, by a noise as of a door or window being opened. That, having to go early to work, she presently arose, dressed, and sallied out into the street. That she found the street-door simply latched — not locked — though the key hung up upon its usual hook upon the back of the door. Finally, that as she emerged into the street, she saw a man stooping down, on the other side of the street. Hearing her step, he got up hurriedly, but slowly walked away. Owing to the darkness, she could not distinguish his features; but he was short, stout, and dressed loosely, somewhat like a sailor.

Just at this stage of the proceedings, a carriage stopped before the house. 'Here is Mrs. T.,' said Doctor Davis.

She had been sent for. As she was ushered into the sitting-room, the Doctor advanced to meet her; the rest of us remained in the adjoining room. I looked through the door-crack, and beheld a slender form, a face showing traces of suffering, but also traces of a beauty now in its decline.

After some words of respectful condolence upon the sad occasion which drew her hither, the coroner proceeded to ask her some questions as to the deceased.

'How long is it, Madam, since you last saw your husband?'

Her tears fell fast, and a heavy sob interrupted her as she essayed to answer — at last:

'I have not spoken to him for nearly four years,' said she in a voice still broken with emotion.

'Would you like to see him?'

She was led into the next room, and there left alone with the corpse. She sank upon her knees at the bed-side, yet without touching the corpse, and wept silently, her whole body heaving convulsively with the violence of her grief.

When she returned, the coroner again interrogated her.

'Was your husband given to fits of melancholy, Madam?'

'No, Sir.'

'Were his circumstances embarrassed?'

'So far as I know, they were not, Sir.'

'Did he ever speak of committing suicide, in your hearing?'

She buried her face in her hands, and trembled in silent agony, for a while, ere she could answer, with much hesitation: 'He did, Sir; but only once.'

'I told you so,' whispered the suicidal juryman, to his murderous fellow.

'Will you explain the occasion of that, Madam?'

After consideration, the lady looked up, with a somewhat stern, composed face, and said calmly: 'No, Sir, I would rather not. It has nothing ——' and than stopped abruptly.

There was a little consultation among the lawyers and the coroner, and the latter asked again:

'I am sorry to put the question, but it is necessary, Madam: do you know

any circumstance which would elucidate the mystery of your husband's death ?'

Again she covered her face with her hands, and wept and trembled in that dreadful agony of spirit which seemed to seize her, but when she could speak, answered with a tolerably clear voice, and certainly a truthful look : ' No, Sir, I know nothing.'

' We shall not need you more for the present, Madam,' said the coroner presently.

The lady retired, casting a last and seemingly almost despairing look of sorrow toward the corpse, and even making a step toward the bed, as though she would catch the hand of the deceased in hers. But she refrained.

The waitress was recalled, and asked if she missed any accustomed object about the room. She said no. The fire-place, which was protected by a tight-fitting screen, was exposed. There was no mark of an extraordinary advent or exit in this direction. Finally, I related what had occurred to me the preceding evening. My statement, as may be readily conceived, excited the liveliest attention. But it had no real bearing upon the mystery of the Colonel's death. I could not even depose certainly that it was the Colonel I saw. And if it was he, the circumstance by no means cleared up the case. It rather complicated it. The more we heard the deeper the mystery became. The jury agreed to suspend their verdict ; indeed, they were so divided between suicide and murder, and there were so many floating theories and suppositions, that a verdict was an impossibility. The coroner thought it a case of suicide. Willard, the agent, thought it a complicated case of conspiracy to defraud his company, and desired to have Mrs. T. arrested as a leader in the plot. The jurymen were wise, as all jurymen are. But whatever they guessed, they knew so little that, as I have said, they finally agreed to suspend the verdict and await the possible developments of the day. Meantime, the papers of the deceased were being looked over. Every thing was in apple-pie order, as a fruit-seller on the jury observed. But they shed no light upon the mystery. There was no will found ; of silver, ready money and jewelry, there was absolutely scarce a trace. This was astonishing in one of the Colonel's habits and means. Willard remarked that it strengthened him in the belief that the man had committed suicide with felonious intents upon the Volcano ; while a keen-scented jurymen thought he smelled a robbery, perhaps a murder.

We were about to retire, when entered a gentleman who claimed to be a friend of the deceased, and whom I recognized immediately as a person with whom he sometimes played chess. Captain Snyder, so he gave his name, appeared astonished and grieved at the sudden death, but could give no information. He had just received a note from Mrs. T., asking him to attend on her part to the obsequies, etc., and now offered to take charge of any thing not in the hands of the authorities.

' By the way, Doctor,' he remarked to the coroner, as we were going out, ' I would like very much to have a remembrance of my deceased friend. If the effects are sold, I desire to purchase for myself a set of silver chess-men, with the help of which he, and I have passed so many pleasant hours, and also

I would like to have a St. George's sovereign, which my friend used to carry in his pocket as a pocket-piece.'

'You say there was a set of silver chess-men?'

'Yes; you will probably find them in this little table. You see the top is thrown over in this way'—performing the action—'and you have then a chess-board. But the chess-men are not here!'

Nor were they to be found. Nor was the St. George's sovereign any where to be discovered.

Here was evidence of a robbery!

The Captain assured us that he had played at chess with his deceased friend on Tuesday morning, that is, two days preceding the night in which he died.

This discovery gave a new turn to the affair. If robbed, why, then, there was either murder or a most strange coincidence between an accident and a crime. At any rate, there was now something to be traced up, and a prospect of arriving, by the discovery of the lost property, at some clue to the singular complication. A description of the missing articles was at once made out and sent to the police, who were requested to make earnest search in pawnbrokers' shops and other localities for them. The room of the Colonel's waitress was searched, but ineffectually, and the honest negress shed tears at thought that she was suspected of having robbed a master who had always treated her with kindness.

The police gained no clue to the lost articles. It became highly probable that the thief had melted up the valuable silver chess set. As for the sovereign, it might circulate unsuspected, and might possibly have gone through many hands without being remarked. For in so considerable a sea-port, foreign coins excite but little attention; and the only peculiarity of this sovereign was one so far common that a dozen like it might be in circulation in the city at the same time. It was, namely, a coin of the last century, having upon one of its sides a device of St. George and the Dragon, whereas sovereigns of a later date bear a bust of the reigning sovereign instead. The old sovereigns are worth some cents more than the newer ones, and have consequently been nearly all called in or melted up. Yet are they not so scarce that the possession of one of these old coins could be called remarkable.

More than two weeks passed without a clue to the mystery; the matter was already dropped from the papers; and as neither Mrs. T. nor any one else had laid claim to the insurance, Willard was more than ever convinced that the deceased Colonel was a rascal, when one day a new development really promised, or half promised, a denouement. The wife of the chief of police, settling a grocery bill, received in change for a bill an English sovereign. On handing the change to her husband in the evening, he at once perceived that this sovereign was of the identical coinage with that which had so mysteriously disappeared from the Colonel's pocket. He immediately made inquiries of the owner of the grocery-store, and succeeded in tracing the coin to the possession of a small dealer near the water-side. This man stated that he received it some days ago, perhaps ten, perhaps more, of a man whom he did not know, but who was dressed as a common seaman. He had purchased an article of clothing from the general assortment, had re-

ceived his purchase and the required small change, and was gone—whither no one knew. The dealer described his person, but the description was little worth as a clue.

A few days thereafter, however, happening into this small dealer's shop, an individual was pointed out to the chief, quietly, as the one who had paid out the sovereign.

'You are sure?' asked he of the dealer.

'Yes, Sir, I remember him very well.'

The man was about going out. The official approached him, and placing his hand upon his shoulder, said: 'Where did you stow the silver chess-men and the money you stole at Colonel T.'s house?'

The man turned pale, trembled violently, and finally when he had partially recovered his self-possession, vehemently protested entire ignorance of that with which he was charged. He even denied all knowledge of the sovereign he was said to have paid out; but afterward admitted that part of the charge against him, alleging that in his fear at so unexpected an accusation he had been led to deny every thing, and that his embarrassment was the result only of his utter innocence of the evil with which he was charged. He gave himself out to be a ship's carpenter, out of employment; had been in the city but a few weeks, having travelled overland from New-Orleans, where he found it difficult to procure employment; had lived at eating-houses, and slept in different places while in the city, having no regular stopping-place; had no friends to vouch for his character, which he violently maintained to be irreproachable, and begged with tears that he might be let go. Though the suspicions were slight, he was locked up; and it was determined to examine him thoroughly the next day. Pending which, I was curious enough to call and see him, in company with Willard, who wanted to talk to him. The prisoner's voice seemed strangely familiar to me, but I could not remember having ever seen him before. But being informed that I was a lawyer, he insisted upon my 'taking care of him to-morrow,' as he termed it, and begged this so piteously, that, not believing him to have any concern with the Colonel's death, I consented. He assured me of his innocence of the slightest wrong, and repeated the story told already to the Chief.

The examination came on. The lodging-house keeper where George Gordon (this was the name of the prisoner) had slept deposed that he saw him to his room at or about eleven o'clock on the night in question, and that he came down from his room to breakfast about seven the next morning. The prisoner maintained that he had not quitted the room in the intervening period. The testimony of the laundress pointed to the hour of two as that when the robbery most likely took place. The District-Attorney being called upon, was unable to prove even that the suspicious coin which had caused the prisoner's arrest, was the identical one owned by the Colonel. Strangely enough Captain S., the witness whose testimony was most necessary to identify this coin, was missing. When inquiry was made for him, it appeared that he had suddenly left town, for New-Orleans apparently, but even of this no reliable information could be obtained. When the District-Attorney mentioned the unaccountable

absence of Captain S., the prisoner's face brightened up, and he leaned over the dock and whispered to me: 'They will have to clear me now. They can bring no proof against my alibi.'

The lodging-house keeper was recalled. He was sure that it was eleven o'clock, perhaps a little later, when the prisoner came in. He (the prisoner) had originally maintained that he was in bed by ten.

'Where were you before eleven?' the District-Attorney asked. 'It was quite possible that this robbery should be committed at an early hour of the evening.'

'You need not answer this question if it will criminate you,' said I to him, by way of caution.

'Will I certainly be discharged if I can give a satisfactory account of myself for the earlier hours of the evening?' he asked me eagerly.

I said, as matters looked then, it was almost certain.

'Then,' said he, with a sudden resolve, 'I will tell you. I was at Mrs. Thoureau's house!'

'At Mrs. Thoureau's, the widow of the deceased?' said I, looking aghast. The whole court was electrified at the announcement.

'If you will send for the lady she will doubtless bear witness to the fact.'

Mrs. T. was immediately sent for. Meantime, my client, in answer to interrogations from the Court, stated that he had been employed in the house of Mrs. T. to repair and polish some pieces of furniture; that the lady had learned something of his poverty, and had kindly given him good advice and means to supply his most pressing necessities, and that on that evening he had called there to get some money due him, and had remained until his return to his lodgings.

Mrs. T. was announced. She corroborated the story of the prisoner in every particular.

'One more question, Mrs. T.,' said the District-Attorney. 'Have you never perchance, in the prisoner's presence, made any allusion to the circumstances and mode of life of your deceased husband?'

'Never, Sir.'

'Do you know if the prisoner was acquainted with Col. T., and familiar with his location and habits?'

'On the contrary, I know that he did not know Col. T., and I don't think he ever saw him.'

There was a silence of a minute's duration. The prisoner looked hopeful. The District-Attorney, who had for some minutes been studying first the face of Mrs. T., and then that of the prisoner, turned suddenly upon the former, and asked: 'What relation does George Gordon, the prisoner, bear to you, Madam?'

The face of the witness flushed up for a moment, then grew ashy pale. She essayed to speak, but her lips moved without producing any sound. She grasped the table for support, then sank lifeless to the floor. The fainting woman was quickly borne into the fresh air. A physician was called. He ordered her to be conveyed to her home, and pronounced her to be attacked with paralysis. Her presence in court was therefore impossible.

'It was not certain, even, that the poor lady would survive the night through,' said the physician, hastening away after his patient.

'My mother! my poor mother! I killed you!' cried out the prisoner, wringing his hands with anguish, and losing at last all self-control.

His mother? Here was a new complication.

The session of court was adjourned; the prisoner was remanded to his cell. We who had become interested in the case were more puzzled than ever. Was Mrs. Col. T. concerned in the crime which seemed to have been committed? She looked too honest to be aught else than an honest woman. Beside, had she not denied all claim to the estate of the deceased? And yet —

The first news I heard when I arose the following morning, was that my client, the prisoner, had made his escape the previous night, disguised in the garments of one of the jailer's assistants, whom he had overpowered when he was locking him in for the night. The escape was not known until some hours after, and I may as well mention here that the poor fellow concealed himself on board a vessel just sailing for Curaçoa, and successfully evaded pursuit. He left a note for me, which was slipped under my office-door during the night. In this he promised a full account of his share in the mysterious transaction as soon as possible, making at the same time most solemn asseverations of his entire innocence of the supposed murder, and stating that he never knew Col. T. as such, or by any other name, having only on two occasions accidentally met him, one of these being on the evening of the rain. Hence I recollected his voice.

Two days thereafter we were agreeably surprised at the reappearance of the missing Captain Snyder. From him was now obtained finally an explanation of the mystery which had so long excited the attention of the few who knew of it. I will give the Captain's account in as few words as possible:

Mrs. Thoreau was the daughter of a Louisiana planter. She was educated at a Northern boarding-school. Being of a romantic temperament, at the age of seventeen, she fell in love with an individual who occupied in the institution in which she found a home, the post of instructor in rhetoric. This man was possessed of a showy figure and considerable personal grace, but was at the same time entirely devoid of principle. Seeing the artless young girl's infatuation, he pretended to return her affection. The result of the amour was a child, born but a month before its mother was to leave her school for home. Her shame was known to but three persons — the seducer, who fled when the fruits of his crime became apparent, and the two maiden ladies who owned and carried on the school. Alarmed at the consequences to their establishment should Emily's misfortune become known, they aided her in concealing her shame, and when she was safely delivered of a male child, provided a home for that in a distant farm-house, where its origin would not be inquired into so long as the means for its support were forthcoming. The poor mother asked vainly for her infant. It was only upon her solemn promise never to seek for it in any manner, that the two maiden principals of the academy consented to preserve inviolate the secret of her shame.

When fully recovered, she returned to her Southern home. Here, after five

years spent in quiet repentance and the exemplary performance of the real duties of life—for the young girl had sinned through weakness, not for love of sin—she met Col. Thoureau. There was a mutual attraction. He saw in her quiet, grave but kindly demeanor and the conscientious rectitude of all her actions the embodied ideal of his soul. She found in the frank, noble gentleman all those real qualities whose sham semblance had deceived her young heart to so fatal an error. Fancy her anguish when the Colonel spoke his love, and asked her to return it. Her eyes brightened for a moment, but in the next appeared before her mind's eye her sin and shame, and with tears and sobs she hurried unanswering from the presence of her lover.

‘Could she tell him all? Him who had loved her as a being all purity and innocence. And yet dared she wed herself to any one, keeping to herself that dread secret which drove happiness away from her? What bitter struggles, what vain resolves, what tears and prayers were hers it were vain here to attempt to tell. Suffice it that, submitting to her lover's persistent entreaties, she became his—but without that frank confession of her single error, which might have made her a happy woman, and would certainly have made her an honest one.

The marriage was a happy one. Emily—now Mrs. Col. T.—had been informed that the fruit of her error had disappeared—was probably dead. Her seducer was a wandering profligate, living in a distant part of the country. Was she not safe? She thought so; and ventured to enjoy a few years of truest bliss. Her father died. Her mother was long since dead. Of brothers or sisters she had none. Her husband was all to her, and she devoted herself to his happiness.

Who knows the abyss upon whose brink he stands! Emily's seducer, ever going down-hill on the broad road of vice, was mastered by necessities which must be supplied at all hazards. He applied by letter to his former victim, coolly stating his needs, and desiring relief at her hands. The wretched lady was forced to parley with the villain, and from her own means satisfy his demands, vainly hoping and entreating that she might be left in peace.

Vain hope it was! So good an opportunity for spoils was not to be given up. Again and again she submitted to his demands, enforced by threats of exposure. And when at last, rendered desperate by the growing audacity of the villain, she refused to hold farther communication with him, there came one day, directed to her husband, a package containing old letters and tokens, which proved but too clearly the guilt which the sender alleged.

At this time the unhappy pair were residing in our city, whither Mrs. T. had induced her husband to remove, in the vain hope of eluding the clutches of the villain who was torturing her. The Colonel, who tenderly loved his wife, compromised with the quondam Professor on such terms as were likely to insure his future silence, then made separate provision for his wife, and thus they parted, both unhappy.

Anxious to secure from want the woman whom he still loved, the Colonel had finally hit upon the expedient of insuring his life, determined while he lived to have her comfort looked after, and by securing her a sum after his

death, to place her beyond necessities of any kind. He effected the insurance in good faith. But a month thereafter he was once more made unhappy by a threatening letter from the brute who had destroyed his peace. This affected him much. He wrote to the wretch—who shall be nameless here—and by dint of a considerable sum of money, gained from him a written obligation to leave America, never to return. But to complete the Colonel's distress, the sum he had payed his persecutor was spent at the gambling-table, and the miscreant now refused to depart without an additional subsidy.

Meantime, Emily's son had grown up to be a stout young man. He was apprenticed to a steam-boat builder, on one of the Western rivers. His foster-mother died, and on her death-bed revealed to him the secret of his birth, and the place of residence of his mother. Animated by a desire to see her to whom he owed his life, he raked together his little means and at once proceeded to C—. He called upon Mrs. T., and upon telling the poor lady his story, was received by her with a joy and love which he little expected. Both felt the necessity of preserving secret the bond existing between them; and the poor mother never, even to her son, revealed those particulars of her life, which we have but just glanced at. He thought her a widow; and little suspected that her husband lived in the same city with her.

Now, on his first coming to the city, (he had actually come around by ship from New-Orleans, instead of over-land, as he asserted on his trial,) he had fallen among thieves, and was robbed and nearly murdered by a part of his former ship-mates. Col. T. coming up just as he was about to be overcome by his assailants, had dispersed these and taken the poor lad home to dress his bruises, little suspecting the tragic connection of their fates.

'A few days thereafter,' continued Captain Snyder, who, I must admit, proved himself an acute and courageous man on this occasion, and who had brought all parts of this strange story together, 'Jeremiah Randall, the Professor before mentioned, made another demand upon Colonel Thoreau. He was desperate. So was the poor Colonel. He had seen a considerable part of his fortune slip into this miscreant's hands, to be wasted in all manner of low dissipation. He lived in abject terror of this fellow's indiscretions. Many a time must the poor hunted Colonel have thought longingly of the gallows which was waiting for this 'Professor,' and through all it seems certain that the good gentleman loved with his whole heart his unfortunate wife. If only he had had the wisdom to own this love, to take her to his bosom, and to fly with her out of reach of this defamer! But it was not to be so.

'What I am now about to relate,' continued Captain Snyder, 'I have literally choked out of the infernal rascal whom I caught so snugly in Poydras-street, New-Orleans, and who is now lodged in the tightest cell in our prison. Blast him! I did not want to forestall the hangman, or my hands would have held him till his wind was gone!' And the Captain showed a hand which I should not like to feel at my throat. 'You must know, then, that my poor friend appointed a meeting for that fatal Thursday night, when he and the 'Professor' were to have a final settlement. As the hour was a late one, he sent to the 'Professor' the key of the house and a duplicate night-key, and at

eleven Randall came up silently and found the Colonel waiting for him. He says the Colonel cursed him, which I can believe; and threatened his life, which is a cowardly lie; and that while they talked, suddenly there was a scuffle, in which he got Thoreau down. That then he (Randall) felt that blood was about to be spilled. He looked for a pistol and did not see one. He had only a piece of stout packing-twine in his pocket, and he owned to me, the infernal scoundrel! hissed Snyder in our horrified ear, 'that he tied the Colonel's feet as he held him down, then his arms, gagged him, and then laying him upon the bed, deliberately cut his throat with his own razor! After which he took three hours of moon-light to arrange the room, whose general disposition he well knew, for he had received money there frequently, and then he went out bare-footed. But taking a last look at his victim, now lying upon the bed, his feet got inadvertently into the pool of blood, and hence the tracks, which ceased at the outside of the door, where he first discovered them. And the coward did not dare to return to the room after the door was once closed behind him to erase these fatal tracks.'

'And the negro laundress saw him putting on his shoes on the other side of the street, as she came out of the street-door?' I queried.

'Exactly,' said Snyder. 'Poor Mrs. Thoreau, whom I have known and respected for a long time, called for me after the Colonel's burial, and with many tears, told me not only her own sad story, but also her suspicions as to the author of her husband's death. She put me upon the track to find him, and I scarce slept till I had him before a revolver, with part of a confession upon his cowardly lips. Thank the Devil! they hang people for murder in this State. If they did n't, I should have killed this brute myself.'

And that was the solution of a mystery which had puzzled us all a good deal.

Professor Jeremiah Randall was hanged. I saw him swing. I shall never go to see another man hanged. It is too horrid.

Poor Mrs. Thoreau lingered on for a few weeks, but her system, enfeebled by much mental distress, finally succumbed to paralysis, and she died before Randall was hung. Her ill-fated son I have never seen since. Three days ago I received a note inclosing a hundred dollars, and a few words, saying: 'Once you defended me when I had no friends. Many thanks.' This brought the story to my mind which is told above. Names and dates are somewhat altered, but for the rest, any lawyer of ten years' standing, in our district, will tell you of the remarkable murder of Colonel Thoreau.

A CHAPTER ON THE COCK.

'High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
 In dents embattled like a castle-wall;
 His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet,
 Blue were his legs, and Orient were his feet:
 White were his nails, like silver to behold,
 His body glittering like the burnished gold.'—OLD GERMAN POEM.

MORE homely is the description in the German nursery riddle: 'It is a man from Ægypten; he has a coat of a thousand patches; he has a horny face; he has a comb, and does not comb himself.' No bird has been so feared: none so exalted. High on the pinnacle of the lofty church-tower, even above the cross the pious architect places his likeness. Such is his position upon the beautiful marble spire of a magnificent Fifth Avenue church; and wise teachers selected it to ornament the cover of the horn-book, as a warning to you that he who seeks after good must begin betimes. The soldier placed him on the ramparts to regulate his hours when on guard; and this is his fitting place, this is his most honorable position, for the cock is himself a warrior—prudent, enduring, valiant, and watchful of his honor, like no other bird. Let but another invade his territory, forth he marches to meet him, claps his exultant wings, and 'pitches into him.' Up go the feathers of his neck like a shield, his eyes darting fire, his comb swells, and with a mighty leap he tries to haul his adversary to the earth, and trample upon him. The fight is obstinate and long. It is merely a pretence when one retreats; and the combat is renewed with greater boldness. Both wings and feet disabled, they resort to their last and most dreadful weapon. As quick as hail, the blows of the sharp beak descend, and, in the scientific term, the 'claret' is soon seen dropping from their neck and head. The courage of the foe now forsaking him, he staggers, retreats and flies; he lowers his tail, slinks to some corner, and screams for mercy. But the victor, shaking his wings, makes ready for the pursuit, when the safety of the conquered alone is to be found in the quickest flight. The battle over, chanticleer springing upon the fence, still bleeding, draws himself proudly up, like a herald, and proclaims his victory by loud blast of trumpet. It is not so much to be wondered at, then, if the Chinese, the Indian, the Briton, and 'fast men' among the Yankees, should delight in such fierce feathery tournaments; nor that the warlike minds of the ancients delighted and were enkindled by the daring valor of the cock. Ælian relates how Themistocles re-animated the sinking courage of his army by pointing out to them two cocks. 'Look,' said he, 'these animals stake their lives for the mere sake of victory, and will not give way; but ye are struggling for your hearths, and for your gods: for the graves of your forefathers, and for the cradles of your children, but above all for freedom—and ye would despair?' Hereupon the drooping Greeks took courage, and obtained a victory over the barbarians. It was the

cock on board Admiral Berkeley's vessel, in 1793, which recalled victory to the English side. Just as the English were about to retreat, in the middle of a raging fight, the cock flew upon the splintered mast of the Marlborough, the Admiral's ship, boldly flapped his wings, and sent forth his clanging voice. It flew into the sailors' hearts, like an electric spark, when their old, calm valor again awoke, and the victory was won.

But war is not always the ultimate aim of war, and so with our bird; he only battles for the sake of peace and supremacy. He is, indeed, an absolute ruler, and yet rather a peace-loving patriarch than a tyrant. To be sure, he is a sultan in his harem, proud and imperious, yet in the court-yard the picture of a careful spouse. He takes care of all. Rabbi Jochanan says: 'Had the Law never been given us, we might still have learned politeness from the cock, who is fair-spoken with the female. I will buy thee a dress, a dress that shall reach down to the very ground. May my comb perish, if, when I have the means, I do not keep my word!' Selfishness is foreign to his nature. Should he find a dainty morsel, he loudly calls for his whole family to share with them the smallest portion. But let not one of them touch even a grain at her peril, until the master opens the banquet. No one with indiscreet forwardness must begin the table-task. An old popular adage says: 'When the hen crows before the cock, and the wife speaks before her husband has done so, the hen should be eaten and the woman beaten.' In England there is another: 'A crowing hen, a dancing priest, and a woman that talks Latin, never yet came to a good end.' A mere look from this woman-ruler is enough to recal Mrs. Hen to her duty, when about to disobey the commands of her lord. In the olden time, *seven* virtues belonged to the good knight and true, and seven also are possessed by the cock. He is prudent, wise, valiant, honorable, gentle-mannered, full of love, and skilled in governing. The Koran describes the original cock of heaven in a most fantastic style. He is white, his wings, strewed over with emeralds and carbuncles, extending from the rising to the setting of the sun; from his comb to his spur is a journey of five hundred years. Daily at morn he raises his voice, which penetrates all space: every creature hears it, save the deaf race of men, and songs of praise sound in answer from all the cocks on earth. When the end of days is come, Allah speak to him thus: 'Fold thy wings, and let thy voice be silenced, that all creatures may know the day of judgment is come; from man alone let it be hidden.' 'There be three things,' says Solomon, the wise man, 'which go well, yea, four are comely in going: a lion, which is strongest among beasts, and turneth not away from any; a cock, and an he-goat also; and a king, against whom there is no rising up.' (Proverbs 30:30, 31.) We here follow the Septuagint version. Luther has put the '*cock*' instead of the '*greyhound*,' whence this variation.

Verily the cock is every inch of him a king, and is born to govern as the prince of birds. With measured step and slowly, he raises one foot, and then the other, oftentimes pausing in the middle of his step, casting his eyes knowingly around, that nothing may escape his notice. If he goeth under an arch-way, through which an elephant or a camel might pass, he still bends his

head, lest he should spoil the adornment of his proud comb, so sensible is he of inner greatness. Moving on at last, all his manner displays nobility of character. How thoughtful his air when he directs his experienced eye to the storm-covered skies, or to the coming bright morning! But he is most lofty and commanding of all, when preparing to sing after the style and manner of his fathers. Flying to some elevated place, the right foot is advanced, while the left remains half-drawn up. This is the real heroic step, the real rhetorician attitude. Now his whole frame assumes a more exalted expression; the neck and feathers of the tail become erect; the wings clash together; the breast swells, and the eye half-closes in delight. Then, with all the pathos and grace of an enraptured virtuoso, chanticleer lifts up his clear and defiant voice.

In this chant his mission lies, and this song shows his high descent. Herod Agrippa used to send costly gifts to the bird that gayly greeted him on his nightly journeys. The Greeks and Romans imagined that there was something divine in his nature, the former practising a peculiar custom of laying grains of corn on the letters of the alphabet, which a cock was allowed to peck away. Mohammed commanded homage to him, as the sentinel that arouses the hosts of heaven to their service. Well may we ask with the sublime Job: 'Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts, and who hath given understanding to the cock?' His well-known cry soundeth afar. The ancients believed that the evil demons of night fled before it. The bold mariner on the waves hears it, and the wayfarer on his solitary path, when joy enters into their souls, for it brings the sure witness of the cheering neighborhood of man. His clear clarion wakens the student to early diligence, scares the evil-doer, calls the recluse to prayer, announces to the husbandman the gracious rain, and to the sufferer on his bed of sickness the welcome coming of the morning. When Aurora and Orion go forth on their rounds, and the dewy pearl-drops still hang on the wings of other birds, he is on the move already, and his rejoicing notes salute the ears of man. His glad call breaks the fairy and golden deceptions of sleep, and awakes the slothful limbs to labor, the conflict of life, and to victory. Verily, the cock is the messenger of blessings to the world, nor can we praise him too much.

Our bird has been the welcome object of popular tradition. The fire of his eye with his glowing hues, in early times rendered him the object of veneration among the Germans. With them he was the symbol of flame, *Lokis*, the god of fire, or bird of fearful splendor; when he unfolded his wings for flight, flame rose up beneath him. Hence the saying in use to this day, '*Einem den rothen Hahn auf's Dach setzen*,' (to set fire to the house of another;) literally, 'to set the red cock on his roof.' Mindful of his prudence, the Romans dedicated him to Mars, as well as to Minerva, the wise goddess. Among the Grecian heroes before Troy, Idomeus bore him as a symbol upon his shield, as in our day, the cock is the ensign among the most warlike nations of Europe. In 'Reynard the Fox,' our noble bird is seen amid the great dignitaries of the empire; a solemn requiem being held for his murdered daughter in the presence of the whole diet. Indeed, he generally has a prominent part in all the legends of animals.

Having some room left to finish our chapter, the transition to the peacock is very easy — the favorite of Apollo. His magnificent, sparkling, jewelled dress shows at once his Asiatic origin. On no other animal or bird has nature bestowed her hues more lavishly, when wheel-shaped, he unfolds the thousand dyes and intermingled glories of his tail. One old writer says: 'The poor bird is created only for his tail.' The ships of King Solomon sought this magnificent bird in distant Ophir.* Alexander sent him to Greece as a gorgeous trophy of the Indies. The Athenians in crowds thronged to gaze at this bird, which they never before had seen, and whose life Alexander the Great protected by severe penalties. The over-refined luxury of Rome brought the peacock on the table, as an ornamental dish, while delicacies made of his brain feasted the palate. In the reign of Galba, peacocks, cranes of Malta, nightingales, and venison, were considered delicacies. Lucullus indulged in the greatest profusion of luxuries; and when he supped in his Apollo chamber, we read that the expense was fixed at fifty thousand drachmæ, or some four thousand dollars of our money. Vitellius had a large silver platter, called Minerva's buckler, in which he stewed together the livers of silt heads, the melts of lampreys, with the brains of pheasants and peacocks; a royal dish, to be sure, but outdone by more modern times. Neville, brother to the Earl of Warwick, in Edward the Fourth's time, (1470,) entertained the nobility and clergy at his instalment into the archiepiscopal see of York. Among other items on his bill of fare, were three hundred and fifty tuns of ale, one hundred and four of wine, eighty fat oxen, three thousand geese, four thousand pigeons, four thousand ducks, five hundred partridges, two thousand woodcocks, four hundred plovers, one hundred quails, eight seals, four porpoises, six wild bulls, two hundred cranes, one hundred peacocks, *et cetera, ceteranum*: sixty-two cooks, with five hundred menials, were in the kitchen, with one thousand servitors at the costly table. Let old Rome on the Tiber, with her famous emperors, beat this, if she can. But how uncertain is fortune! This English prodigal died at last in the most abject but unpitied poverty!

This custom for peacocks' brains at noble festivals, was maintained throughout the Middle Ages, but associated with a peculiar symbolic meaning. The knights swore by the peacock; and when Constantinople was taken by the Turks, the whole assembled knighthood at the court of Philip the Good, swore by the peacock to set out upon the Crusade.

The vanity of the peacock has become proverbial. If a word of praise catch his ear, or Miss Peacock should make her appearance, the flowery wheel in a moment unfolds itself, and stretching his beautiful, glittering neck, he utters an unpleasant, cat-like cry. He likes to perch, too, on some neighboring roof, or other lofty spot, to show himself and to be admired. Buffon, his eloquent panegyrist, sees grace and majesty in his movements, but our mediæval poetry calls his step 'creeping,' comparing it to the proud gait of the crane. An old German fable says, the birds wanted a king, when their choice fell on the peacock, because of his wonderful beauty, and having already wore a crown upon

* Kings 10: 22.

his head. But Markolf, the jay, perceiving that he loved only pomp and parade, and as their ruler would levy from the poor, to deck himself with pearls, precious stones and costly garments, they reported of their choice, making the eagle their king. The cat-like nature of the peacock shows itself in later years—he becomes ill-humored and quarrelsome—a characteristic, by the by, which is not alone observed in peacocks, but accompanies vanity when growing old. Thus endeth our chapter on cocks and peacocks.

T O T H E F A L L E N .

BY RALPH RANDOM.

Oh! mourn for the vanquished,
Oh! mourn for the slain,
Whose blood in deep torrents
Now reddens the plain!
See! the legions of darkness
Are trampling them down,
On the fields that have echoed
Their fathers' renown!

Oh! mourn for the vanquished,
Oh! mourn for the brave,
Who for God and for freedom
Have gone to the grave!
See! they sink all despairing
On the far-distant plain,
Where now they are bleeding,
And bleeding in vain!

Oh! mourn now, my country,
Thou chosen of earth!
For the torch of a demon
Is red on thy hearth;
And the wail of bereavement,
The shriek of despair,
From thy heart-broken daughters,
Is filling the air!

One prayer for the dying,
One tear for the dead—
Then strike, O my brothers!
For the heroes that bled:
Arise in your fury,
Arise in your might,
And down with the foemen
Of God and the Right!

July 28d, 1861.

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THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS'S STORY.

'Entertaining angels unawares.'

I WAS born and brought up in this little village of Somertown, from which I have never travelled so far as a hundred miles. When I was a child, we lived on a farm about a mile from the church, but after my father's death, we moved into the little house where I now live. My father was a good man, but he had in some way got into debt, and it worried him until he died of a broken heart.

My mother was at first much cast down, but being naturally of a brave spirit, she soon rallied. She sold the farm, and took a small house at the foot of Stony Hill, and sent my brother Willy to her brother, in Boston, who had promised to find a situation for him.

Our new home was small, but it had a little garden behind it, and two great elms which stood before the door gave it a pleasant look. It was just on the borders of the village, and an easy walk from the meeting-house.

As we found ourselves quite poor after my father's debts were paid, my mother took in sewing, and we managed to get comfortably through the first winter. In the spring, Miss Colby, the school-teacher, was married, and went away, and my mother urged me to apply for the school. I was only seventeen, but I was a good scholar, and had always liked study, and she thought I could teach as well as Miss Colby, for Willy had not learned half so much from her, as he did when I taught him at home. So mother went to the minister's and spoke to him about it, and he thought it a good plan, and promised to use his influence for me. In a day or two he came to tell me that there was a meeting of the selectmen that morning, and I must be present. I went with him, frightened enough, but he was very kind, and made me feel at ease after a few minutes. 'Squire Lee asked me a great many questions, the others very few, and then they said that they were satisfied that I was competent. So the next Monday morning, I began life as a school-teacher.

At first it was very hard for me, and I would come home tired out. By degrees, I learned to manage the children, and when the minister and 'Squire Lee came to visit the school, they found it much more orderly than in Miss Colby's time, and praised me for my good discipline. If I had not been able to keep the school-room still, I should have given it up in despair, for above all things I loved quiet. I often sat for hours together at home, without saying a word; for I was not talkative, nor very cheerful. Among the girls of my own age I had no friends; when with them I was moody and unsociable, and for this they avoided me. I know now that all this was wrong, and that I cast away some of the sweetest experiences of life in shutting up my heart to those who might have learned to love me. I did not do it consciously, for none of those around attracted me, and I was too unattractive myself, to induce any

of them to make any great effort to gain my good-will, and of *this* I was sometimes painfully conscious. I was not so self-sufficient that I did not long sometimes with a feeling of agony for some sympathizing friend, some one who would understand me intuitively, and love me in spite of my plain, sad face.

The hard work in the school-room was good for me, for it kept me from thinking too much about myself; but soon I became accustomed to it, and it lost its arousing power. After the novelty wore off, and I had a regular routine of duties, I began to sink back into myself again, to do my work mechanically, and to speak and smile less than ever. Life seemed to me a very dreary thing.

Now and then, some rebellious boy or mischievous girl would raise an uproar in the school; this would excite me, and for some time I would feel better, but only to sink into my old lethargy again. The children feared, but did not love me. Not that I was severe, but I repulsed them with my indifference. I did not try to win their love, I only tried to teach them as well as I could, not knowing that love is the best teacher.

I had been teaching about two years when Deacon Brownly died. He was a good old man, who kept the village store, and having no family, had laid by quite a sum of money. My mother felt very badly when the old Deacon died, for he had been very kind to her; often when we were sorely pinched, sending us a present of provisions, 'for his old friend's, my father's, sake. We heard that he had left his store and all his property to his two nephews, to be divided between them as Arthur, the oldest, thought best. If he chose to take the money, Charles must take the store, and carry on the business, for he wished that kept up; but if Arthur chose the store, Charles was to have the money. These two nephews lived in Boston, and we soon heard that Arthur Brownly was to take his uncle's business, and Charles was to have the money. People said that Arthur was very foolish, for he might have established a much more profitable business in Boston with his uncle's legacy; but he had his own reasons, and presently made his appearance in the village. He soon became a great favorite with old and young, and all the girls were delighted with so pleasant an accession to the small number of village beaux, but I neither knew nor cared to know him. Yet there was something so attractive about him, that the impression he made upon me at our first meeting, which was in his own store, has never been removed.

He was rather tall; his pale face would have been handsome if it had not been quite so thin; his eyes were dark gray, and his wavy brown hair was very abundant. But nothing in his face attracted one so much as his happy expression, his ready smile. It was as if he had a fountain of gladness in his heart, which was ever bubbling up to the light. Such was Arthur Brownly. His face has never left my memory, long as it is since it met my sight.

Some time after this, as I walked listlessly home from school, one pleasant afternoon in the late spring, I was startled to see the doctor's gig before our door. Fearing my mother was sick, I hurried forward, but she met me as I entered. 'A terrible accident,' she said, 'had happened. Mr. Brownly's horse had run away, coming down Stony Hill, and thrown him, and they had brought

him in there, and the doctor was with him now. Soon Dr. Payne came out and said he hoped he was doing well, but it was a very bad fracture. He could not be moved on any account; so, if my mother pleased, she must keep him there a little while. My mother was glad to be of any use to Deacon Brownly's nephew, and said she would do all she could to keep him comfortable.

For several days I kept away from the sick-room. My mother was an excellent nurse, and was in her element, with some one to care for and tend, and I felt that I could be of no use. But her anxiety infected me, and each day I walked more briskly home from school, to hear how Mr. Brownly was.

At last, one afternoon, my mother asked me to go in and sit with him, for she thought he felt a little lonely, and she had to go down to the village on an errand. So I went in, carrying some fresh flowers in my hand. His bed had been made on a large, old-fashioned lounge, and he lay there looking paler than ever, propped up by pillows. His smile was so bright as he welcomed me in, that the rather gloomy room seemed lit up with a sudden radiance, or was it only that the window was thrown wide open, and the sunset glowed through the lightly-stirred branches of the elm-trees?

'I hoped you would come in and see me some time,' he said, and smiled again.

'I have brought you some flowers,' I said. 'I am very sorry for your accident. Do you suffer much?'

'Sometimes very much, and it is hard for a man to lie so still, but as you came in, I was reading a verse that makes it easier to bear.' And he read from the BIBLE which lay open before him: 'Even so, FATHER, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.'

I was touched at his cheerful patience, and the tears rose in my eyes. He began to admire the flowers. 'What a beautiful rose!' he said, 'and how lovely those violets! You must have found them under the large stone, near the top of the hill. I saw a perfect bed of them there the last time I rode up. The violets will be all gone the next time I go up the hill. I think I never saw them look so lovely as they did that day, so close under the shadow of that beautiful stone, all covered with mosses and creeping vines. And you have some lilies of the valley! How beautiful they are! And now, will you add to the favor by putting them in a glass of water, near me, where I can see and smell them?'

I had never cared a great deal for flowers, and I was surprised to see how much pleasure these few that one of my scholars had brought me, could afford to him. I noticed how constantly he turned toward them, and with what delight.

He talked to me easily and pleasantly as if he had known me for years, and asked me many questions about my little scholars. He seemed to know them all; for he spoke of Annie Robbins's beauty, and Jenny Parsons's sweet disposition, and Lizzy Jones's stately demeanor, and Charlie Swan's unselfishness, and the two Dentons' love for each other, and Sammy Green's handsome, saucy face, until I was ashamed to see how much of interest he found in those children who had seemed so uninteresting to me. He told me little anecdotes

of them, showing that he had had many a chat with them when they came to the store on errands.

'You must be very fond of children,' said I.

'Oh! yes,' he answered, 'are not you?' and looked a little astonished as I said:

'Not very.'

He then drew my attention to the sunset, and its wonderful blending of gorgeous tints, and I wondered that I had been so blind to this daily glory.

I went out from that sick-room aroused from my usual lethargy. I saw the enjoyment this man had in the common things that lay around him, and I felt it was partly my own fault that my life had been so joyless.

As I walked to school the next morning, I thought of Arthur lying on his couch of pain, and knowing that he could see the sky from his window, I looked up to see how it looked to him, and marvelled at the beautiful blue, and the soft white clouds, as I had never done before. At school, the children he had spoken of, drew my attention, and I watched them as they developed, in the course of the day, the little traits he had mentioned, with a new interest.

When noon came, I took my little lunch-basket, and climbed the hill to find the bed of violets of which he spoke, and sitting down there, I thought over all he had said to me. No one but mother had spoken very familiarly to me before, and his kind words had taken me by surprise. I sat there thinking long that noon, not dreary, gloomy thoughts as usual, but wondering questions to myself, of how many things beside children and violets, had grown up so beautifully in my path, while I had been walking with closed eyelids.

I was late at school that afternoon, but teaching was pleasant; and though I walked home quickly, yet the sky and the grass, and the fresh, tender green of the trees were impressed upon my hitherto dull heart, as I went. I took Arthur the violets I had gathered for him, and enjoyed his pleasure, and his cheerful thanks, and could not refuse when he asked me to bring my sewing and sit with him.

'It was such a relief to have some one to talk to,' he said; 'he was tired of keeping still.'

So I came and sat near his couch, and listened while he talked. He told me of the different places he had visited, of rambles on the White Hills, of wild ravine and laughing streams and snowy cascades, describing them with such enthusiasm, that I forgot my usual reserve, and questioned and laughed as I had never done before.

And then he told me of his brother, an artist, now in Italy, and how fortunate for him the good Deacon's legacy had been, coming just as he longed to go abroad, but had not the means, and I, seeing at once the reason why Arthur had chosen the store, honored him for his choice.

The next day was Saturday, and as I was going down the street I stopped to ask if I could do any errand for Mr. Brownly.

'Oh! yes,' he said eagerly, if I would stop at the store and see if any letters had come, and ask Sam Johnson to bring some of his things from Mrs. Johnson's, where he boarded, he would be much obliged. So he wrote a list, and I

took it to the store, and having done my own errands, came cheerfully back, glad that I carried in my hand two letters for Arthur. One had many stamps and marks on it, and I felt sure that it was from the artist-brother, and so it proved. Arthur read me many extracts from it, and I knew the two brothers were much alike, and worthy of each other.

The other was from his only sister, who was a great invalid, and had not been apprised of his accident.

That night Sam Johnson brought the things, and I unpacked them from the basket in which his mother had carefully placed them. There were several books, two pictures, a pretty little white vase—'It was my mother's,' Arthur said, as I took it out, 'and I sent for it to put your flowers in, Miss Margaret'—a writing-desk, and a few articles of clothing. The two pictures I have now, and as I gaze upon them, the happy hours come back in which Arthur and I talked them over. One was a bright sunset, shining in a quiet valley, and touching every tree and rock with tongues of flame. The still river was molten gold, and the dark figures of the cattle grazing on the shore, and drinking a little way down the stream, relieved the dazzling water. The windows of the village glistened back the beams of splendor, and the purple clouds were fringed with gold.

The other was a quiet, peaceful morning scene. The sky was blue, and varied here and there with soft white clouds. There was a beautiful green meadow, with hills swelling up on either side, a few elms in the foreground, over-arching the picture with interlacing boughs, and far back mighty forests and cloud-capped mountains. The artist-brother had painted them for Arthur ere he left home. The first was a view of their native village, the other a fancy; 'The Land of Beulah,' Arthur called it.

How often, after that, I sat gazing on those pictures, and talked of them with Arthur! How I loved them, as he pointed out to me beauties my unaccustomed eye had not at first discovered! How often we read those books together, sometimes one, and sometimes the other, being reader! How he led my soul upward through those books, till my dull heart, fairly aroused, began to seek after the peace which was his anchor in his hours of pain! How much pleasanter was the school while I practised there the lessons of patience and love he indirectly taught me; and how gladly did I hasten home when it was over, to sit with him, and tell him, with an interest which surprised myself, of the events of that little world, of the troubled or peaceful reign, of some touching or amusing incident! The children began to love me, and often brought me tokens of their affection, in flowers and fruit, which I brought, in my turn, to Arthur; and sometimes I took one of the little girls, who had a very sweet voice, home with me, to sing to him, for I, alas! could not sing. How I envied that little one as she stood by his bedside and sang to him the hymns he loved, in her clear, childish voice, 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,' and 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' while he drank in the sounds with a delight easily read in his rapt countenance. Ah! how swiftly those weeks flew by, while Arthur Brownly staid with us. They are the sunshine of my memory, and all of gladness and of pleasure that has flowed into my life since then had its source in those two months.

I often read to him in the BIBLE, and as he loved to hear a little at a time, and then to talk it over, it became to me a new book. It gained a personal, familiar character, as I saw how eagerly he appropriated it to himself, how it sustained and cheered him. One day, when I had been reading in the fourteenth chapter of John, of the peace which the world can neither give nor take away, he raised his beautiful eyes to mine and said: 'Margaret, have you this peace?'

I burst into tears; and when he took my hand in his thin fingers, and spoke tenderly of the peace which had so long been his, and of Him whom, as he said, he followed, 'feebly and afar off,' I begged him to lead me to those still waters.

From that time, our intercourse was deeper and nearer. We read no more of poetry or travels; the BIBLE and the Hymn-book were our daily study. He was the teacher, and I the scholar; and day by day as I drank from these living fountains he became more exalted in my eyes. Out of school-hours I was ever at his side — by turns his scholar and his nurse. In all this time he had many hours of pain, but was always so cheerful, that I do not think of them when I remember the heavenly days in which he sojourned with us. I grew daily more gentle and peaceful, and began to care more for those around me. My mother was astonished at my happy but thoughtful face, and I knew from the pleasant smiles that were returned to my greetings, that my own had been warmer than of old. I now and then went, at Arthur's request, to see some poor people whom he had aided, and carried them his alms, and so I learned to know the very poor, and give them such aid as my scanty purse would allow. And so they passed, those days of happiness, and I said to myself, with a thankful heart: 'My cup runneth over.'

But sorrow was at hand, though my heart did not feel its coming shadow. Love, strong and true, had sprung up in my heart for him, who lay helpless beneath our roof, yet in his helplessness was so much stronger and wiser than I. And no troubling doubts crossed my mind whether he loved me, as might have vexed me had he been well, and mingling in the society of others. Now he was all my own, and I thought not of the days of separation that might come. At last the time came, and we were severed, but not by his altered heart, nor forever.

Gradually the doctor grew graver when he came. Strange symptoms began to show themselves in Arthur. Though his limb healed, he seemed to gain no strength; his cough, which we had hardly noticed when he first came, grew more alarming, and one morning the fit of coughing resulted in a violent hemorrhage. I was away at the time, and as I had tried to shut my eyes to his daily increasing weakness, which was not hard when the spirit within burned so bright, when the smile was ever ready on his lips, on my return, I was shocked at his pallor and his prostrate condition. For several days he was forbidden to speak, and I sat by him, while at home, with a heavy heart; though when he smiled his thanks for any little attention, I forced myself to smile too. Once when he raised my hand to his lips, as I handed him a glass of water, I left the room, and in my own chamber gave way to my uncontroll-

able grief. But dreading to lose sight of him, I soon subdued my emotion, and returned again to minister to the patient and gentle sufferer.

For some time after he was allowed to speak, he seemed to have something on his mind that he could not trust himself to say, but would follow me with his eyes around the room, or lay gazing at me as I sat at work, till it seemed as if I must give way myself, and allow the pent-up feelings to burst forth. But I restrained myself for his sake. Only at night, when I should have slept, watering my pillow with tears, I besought God to spare him to me yet a little while.

One afternoon I had thrown open the blinds to let into his room the golden rays of the setting sun, and resumed my place at his side, when he stretched out his hand for mine, and holding it tenderly in his own, he said to me in broken sentences :

‘Margaret, my sun is almost set. I am going fast. At first it seemed so hard — Life has been so sweet since I knew you — I had such bright visions. We shall meet in heaven, shall we not, darling? I love you more than you know — but I leave you in God’s hands — He knows best — love HIM, and we shall meet, and never part, in heaven.’

I could not answer, but bending down, I kissed him passionately many times, while my fast-flowing tears wet his cheek. He smiled so sweetly, and looked so like an angel as he lay there, that I could not stay. I went to my own room, and prayed in an agony for strength, till strength came. I sat with him all that night, but he seemed to sleep. As morning dawned, he roused again, and stretching out his arms to me, said : ‘Good-by, darling!’

For a moment he held me to his heart with supernatural strength, then fell back on his pillow. So he lay for some time, with my hand clasped in his, and then said softly, with a radiant smile :

‘I will arise and go to my FATHER! In my FATHER’S house are many mansions!’ And then all was over.

For a day or two I was very calm, but after the funeral was over, and the house was quiet again, the loneliness seemed intolerable. For many weeks the world seemed very dark, and life a terrible burden, but I repeated over and over to myself Arthur’s dear words. I read again and again in the BIBLE the texts and passages he loved, and at last a sweet peace entered my heart, never to depart. I have had many troubles since then, but nothing could shake that abiding sense of rest. All seemed light after that one great sorrow, and life has never been to me the gloomy, weary thing it was before I knew him. In living for others’ comfort, I have found happiness myself. He left me in his will (a few words written with difficulty, while he was ill, but which no one disputed) a small sum to carry out some charitable plans he had formed, and this gave me employment for some time, which was very sweet, for it seemed as if his spirit ever hovered over me, while I fulfilled his wishes. My scholars were more interesting to me because he had cared for them, and all life seemed thus brightened with him. How often I repeated to myself the words graven on his headstone : ‘He being dead, yet speaketh!’

And now I shall not wait much longer. I am not strong, and age creeps

upon me fast. The children whom Arthur knew, are grown up now, and their children now fill the benches where they sat in my little school-room. With every year that passes, I rejoice that I am nearer heaven. Mother went long ago, and I am only waiting the LORD's will, knowing I shall soon see him I have loved so long. When I look back upon my life I am thankful to God for that great joy which has left its shining through all my days, notwithstanding the dark cloud of sorrow that came with it. The cloud has grown lighter with every passing year, and now, as I come nearer to the brightness of heaven, the two glories meet, and life is a sweet peace, a calm waiting. Thus I dwell in the land of Beulah; feeling every night when I lie down, that ere the morning, may come the summons, and every morning, that the evening may find me lying on my death-bed. Then, then I shall find him waiting for me!

THE KELPIE'S CHORUS.

THE red-lipped summer has ceased to smile,
The birds have forgotten their song;
The skeleton forest is bloomless, while
The north wind cometh along!
'Tis night: and the night is dark and chill,
There's a helmet of sleet on the mountain's crest;
The Kelpie sprites are plotting ill,
And the Nymphs are seeking rest.
Oh! never before has such a night
Descended on Wachuset's height!
The clarion winds, in clamorous notes,
Are answered back from the tongueless throats
Which gape from the cavernous precipice,
That pouts its lips for the stormy kiss.
'Tis the noon of night; and the sentinel pines
Rustle in tune with the forest-vines;
And the moody owl, with solemn eyes,
Has sheltered himself from the turbulent skies,
In the dusky holes of the birchen tree,
And responds, Tu-whoo! to the jubilee.
Each answers the other with right good-will,
From the boisterous air and the groaning hill;
Each answers the other with all his might,
Shrieking and croaking the noon of night!
And there's a darksome, demon clan,
That dwelleth on the bleak hill's brow,
Whose only joy is hate of man,
Whose bliss is to work him woe!
Their eyes are black, and their hearts are chill
As the clouds that brood the reeking hill:

And they are glib and they are glad,
 And have been many a day,
 For a blue-eyed maiden has been sad,
 And the Kelpies kenned her raving mad,
 As she wandered the woodland way!
 And they giggle and grin in mad delight,
 And they harass her soul with all their might,
 And chime and chant to the storm-king's rant,
 In a horrible roundelay!

I.

Hark! hark! the night is dark,
 And the night is chilly and drear;
 Mortals may dream by the fire's red gleam,
 But never may venture here:
 For we are the demons who proudly dare
 To brook the breath of the stormy air!

II.

'Tis a gala night on the mountain's height,
 Old Borcas bellows with right good-will;
 Oh! never before has the choral roar
 Of the Stormy Minstrels been so shrill.
 How the pines careen with their ringlets of green,
 As they bow to the storm with a haughty mien!
 How their long trunks creak a staccatoed shriek,
 To the chorus that comes o'er the mountain peak;
 And the tenor that rolls from their whistling limbs
 Is the lordly night-owl's chordless hymns!

III.

The earth is soaked and the pathways choked,
 And the fountains are seething, but not with heat:
 Caves echo the tones of the forest groans,
 And the tremulous trees are bathed in sleet;
 While down from their tops, how the frozen drops
 Are sifted aslant through the midnight gloom!
 Oh! where is the mortal dares enter the portal
 Of the mountain gorge, to his living tomb?
 The gloom is our cheer, and if mortal is here,
 We will harass his soul with a terrible fear!
 For it is our delight in the gloom of night,
 To torture man with a fancied fright;
 And the visions that pass through his wildering brain
 Shall be dark as the phantoms of Death's domain.
 Hark! hark! the night is dark,
 And the night is frantic and wofully drear;
 Mortals may dream by the fire's red gleam,
 But never may venture here:
 For we are the demons who deftly dare
 To buffet the breath of the mountain-air!

BEFORE AND AFTER THE BATTLE :

A DAY AND NIGHT IN 'DIXIE.'

BY G. P. PUTNAM.

'WHAT donkeys you Americans are ! How can you be so pertinaciously humbugged by that slow old man ! Why is n't Lyon or McClellan in the right place ? After all the dilly-dallying, you are going to be thrashed at Manassas !'

Such were the very first greetings I met, as I emerged from Willard's, after breakfast, on Saturday, July 20th. Who *could* they be from but that amiable old sinner, the polyglot philosopher, Count Growlowsski ?

'But,' I ventured very mildly to suggest, 'has not the General been waiting for sundry things, such as wagons and ambulances, and for needful drilling of raw recruits ?'

'Nonsense. Napoleon did n't wait for wagons when he crossed the Alps, and did n't he whip the Austrians ?'

'Oh ! of course you know best about these things. I am no warrior. But they say we are to have a battle in earnest to-morrow !'

'Yes.'

I am not used to battles. Indeed, it has always seemed to me that bullets, shells and cannon-balls, whistling about one's ears, would be unpleasant. I have even imagined that if such music should come near me, I might prove to be a coward, and might be tempted to change my position. Then, again, what *right* has a man with personal and other responsibilities to go near the range of such missiles ? Further, and especially, the morrow was the Sabbath. If our generals *will* fight battles on that day, of all others, they may monopolize the responsibility. Other suggestions rapidly occurred to me. I knew that good and true men were with our army, in the hope of doing good in the moment when personal aid and sympathy are most needed, namely, *after* a battle, whether of victory or defeat. [The latter word, by the way, I had not noticed in our dictionary.] Well, if *they* are in the right place for usefulness, and I can join them, may I not be useful too ? And is it curiosity merely which draws me there ?

My motives may or may not be thoroughly scrutinized ; but the above and some other considerations satisfied me that, with a suitable opportunity, I should and would be near the battle-field. If our men are to be led prematurely and needlessly to a bloody conflict on that day, there will be suffering, none the less. So I walked up to General Mansfield's office.

'NO PASSES TO VIRGINIA TO-DAY.'

This was the notice to Mr. Public. In my special favor, as I naïvely imagined, a distinguished autograph was presented to me, reading thus :

*'Head-Quarters Military Department,
Washington, July 29, 1861.*

'Pass Mr. — three days over the bridges, and within the original lines of the army. By order of General Mansfield, commanding.

'[TURN OVER.]

' — — —, *Aide-de-Camp.*

'It is understood that the within-named and subscriber accepts this pass on his word of honor, that he is, and will be ever, loyal to the United States; and if hereafter found in arms against the Union, or in any way aiding her enemies, the penalty will be death.

'*Signed,* — — — of — —.'

[It should be added, that the above was given on the special request of a Senator; but whether hundreds and thousands of them are not given on more doubtful credentials, deponent saith not.]

The *battle* was not to be reached by this; and modestly concluding that battles were specially privileged places, I resigned myself without a murmur to a simple inspection of the lines on the Potomac; so, with suitable bows to the white-haired yet energetic-looking General Mansfield, and his busy aids, and after a brief call at the White House, (where the polite private Secretary informed me that the President had just gone to the War Department to meet the Cabinet,) and with a mere glance at the residence of that grand old chief-tain who directs our armies, idly wondering whether he was then preparing a proclamation to be issued from Richmond, on the following Saturday, (for General Mansfield's aide had assured me we should be in the rebel capital in a week;) and so, after a call on Mr. Secretary Chase, with a distinguished introduction, which, being untainted by any claims for a single dime of those five hundred million dollars, was most kindly received, in spite of an impertinent young Cerebus, whose manners need revising, I omnibused down the Avenue. Sensational glimpses of the times began to fall in my way, even here. Sunday talks with Washingtonians, on the 'past and future of the Republic,' brought curious and suggestive remarks; suggestive, as much as any thing else of the sort of half-way Unionism, and yet also of the real and moderate loyalty of the Washingtonians.

'Considering how quickly and suddenly this army has been collected, the widely different classes of men composing it, and the impossibility in so short a time that the chaff could all be sifted out, I say that the behavior of the men has been marvellously creditable so far. The world has never seen a better army thus quickly raised.' Thus spake an intelligent observer, English by birth, but thirty years resident in Washington, and well qualified to speak impartially.

'The world has n't seen a worse. I've been insulted by them repeatedly.'

This growl, and something more, came from a sour-looking visitor in the store, who began to wax angry in the discussion. Here, then, was a live secessionist. I regarded him with curious wonder.

Just then a drum and fife on the Avenue started every body to the doors. A squad of say forty soldiers, a part of them unarmed, were trudging up toward the Capitol. Loyal friend, with a few long steps, reaches the leader, hat-

less, and returns to tell us that they have brought in fifteen Alabama prisoners, who are bound for the old Capitol. Secessionist looks still sourer, and goes off in an uncomfortable frame of mind.

For the purpose of inspecting and revising the proceedings of General Scott, and of our Seventh and Sixty-ninth, and of being able to certify that the Capital is safe, Mr. F. and I passed the afternoon in a visit to our Virginia entrenchments. Our passes were duly respected by all the sentries at the Long Bridge and beyond. A half-hour's drive along the picturesque southern shore of the Potomac, in full view of our straggling metropolis, the glorious dome of the Capitol, still unfinished, rising like a marble Mont Blanc, monarch of all visible structures; the broad Potomac, worthy in its amplitude if not in its depth, of being the national river; the long spider's web of a bridge, narrow and shabby, the only connecting link of the national metropolis with the Old Dominion; the distant heights of Georgetown, studded with dwellings, apparently of West-end aristocracy; and at every turn before us, either a camp or a picket: all this on a magnificent afternoon, with great events probably imminent, suggested more than enough to keep us awake. Fort Corcoran is certainly a monument to the zeal and skill and hard work of the gallant Sixty-ninth. Let them be honored. Whether it will prove a Gibraltar when fully tested, may be a problem. I imagine a strong inducement would be needed to join the assailing columns if they do ever reach its vicinity. The officer of the day being invisible at the moment, the inside of this impromptu fortress was invisible to us, the sentries requiring a special command; but a walk around the outer walls revealed the essential importance of this point in defence of our capital. We retraced our steps down the river, and turned up the road through the grove which surrounds Arlington House. Another camp, with sentries, somewhat free-and-easy in general aspect; but the enemy is out of sight, and why should n't they take their ease in these shady groves while they can? What a superb prospect from the lawn! The amiable gossip of good old Mr. Custis about 'the chief,' might be imagined, as he here gave his guests that glorious sunset (?) view of the nation's capital, which that 'chief' had planned, as it stood spread out on the opposite shores of the 'exulting and abounding river.' Into the mansion itself we could have but a peep through the open windows of the apartments, which had till yesterday been occupied by General Dix, as his head-quarters. Furniture seemed to remain as General Lee had left it, when he abandoned the good fame of his father, the favorite 'light-horse Harry,' whom Washington loved—and deserted also his confidential post near the revered veteran now filling Washington's station, and crossed the Rubicon to join the armies of the nation's enemies. The picture-frames remained on the walls, but the pictures had been removed. Was n't there a moral in this? But what a picture of dilapidated aristocracy does the exterior of the mansion and the out-houses present—stucco crumbling away, rotten wooden steps, big columns, and small ornaments, all 'rather out of repair'—it all seemed to symbolize old Virginia herself, as needing an infusion of Yankee energy and thrift. As we looked at the ambitious Grecian portico of stuccoed columns, hugely disproportioned to the house behind, I could n't

help whispering to my friend: 'In the name of the Prophet, Figs!' But, after all, it was sad to think of all the associations of a place which had been almost classic ground, but which now, carefully preserved by the occupants, as it evidently is, still echoes with the sounds of the camp, and the 'army of occupation.'

Nearer the Long Bridge, we were permitted to join a party accompanying Governor Morgan and staff, mounted and in uniform, just closing an inspection and review of the camp, and the works there erected, commanding the river. For the Governor's edification, the process was enacted of a sudden alarm of the enemy — the garrison springing to arms, the big guns on the ramparts placed in range and rapidly fired, the balls and shells striking the river in a way which *should* be a caution to a hostile approach. The cheering of the garrison for the Governor was ringing in our ears as we re-crossed that shabby old shell of a thing, the Long Bridge, a full moon lighting up the Potomac, and the marble piles and 'tented fields' on either side. Late in the evening, and long after I had dismissed all thoughts of it, a pass was handed me, permitting me in a special capacity to proceed to the 'Head-Quarters of the Grand Army of North-eastern Virginia, by authority of Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, by order of General Mansfield, commanding.'

Suffice it to say, that at nine o'clock on that beautiful morning we were quietly moving out of Alexandria toward the scene of the expected conflict. We were in the cars containing the 'De Kalb Regiment,' Colonel Von Gilsa, from New-York City. The officers and men, mostly or all Germans, were evidently in the best condition, and in high spirits; but there was a remarkable aspect of orderly cheerfulness, good feeling, and even politeness among them. Many of this regiment, both officers and men, had seen active service, and hard fighting in Europe; and they had a decidedly martial aspect, the officers especially. As we approached Fairfax Station, they began to sing our national airs, German and English words being oddly mixed by the different voices. My friend started 'My Country,' and in this they all joined with a will. The last verse was interrupted by the stoppage of the train. *Vienna* just occurred to me for a second, but in another second we found the obstruction to be only the dead weight of trees and sand which the rebels had piled on the track in their rapid retreat a day or two before. The cars were quickly evacuated, and the regiment pushed along on foot on the track, picking blackberries by the way, until, half-a-mile farther, we reached Fairfax Station. This is a single wooden house of two stories, situated in a thickly-wooded and picturesque glen, and (as we soon learned) about three miles from Fairfax Court-House. Part of a regiment was here encamped, with pickets extended on all sides. A well of good water was the most essential feature of defence, but traces of the deserted camps of the enemy were visible in several places. The De Kalbs here rested, and soon fraternized with their comrades and predecessors — Michiganders, I believe. It was now about ten A.M.

'Is that cannonading which we hear?' was our first question to an officer of the advance.

'You may say that, and of the heaviest kind.'

'How long have you heard it?'

'Since six this morning. The greatest battle ever fought on this continent is now going on.'

We were probably five miles north-west of the firing. The Orange and Alexandria Railroad continued clear before us to Manassas Junction. Our party of four, pending the stay of the regiment for orders, walked forward on the track to hear the firing more clearly. After walking a mile or so, we found an army lieutenant sitting on the track, where a vista through the wood brought the sounds more distinctly on the ear. 'B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m!' The officer was listening carefully, and taking notes, which he was sending back every half-hour to General Scott. He was anxiously grave, for he thought the firing was gaining our rear.

Two companions pushed on round a curve of the track through the woods.

'How far is it to Manassas Junction?' I asked of one of the lieutenant's squad.

'About five miles.'

'We are nearer the Junction, then, than our army is?'

'Yes.'

Mr. T. agreed with me that discretion seemed to prompt a retrograde movement to our main body, or at least to our gallant regiment. So we turned. The haversack with the rations remained with my discreet companion. It was subsequently useful to more than ourselves.

A fresh sentry at the camp rather doubtfully scrutinized our pass as we re-entered. Still the distant firing continued, and still the regiment had no orders to move. In a few minutes we formed two of another party escorted by a soldier, who proposed to take a 'Virginia short-cut' through the woods, the nearest way to the battle. Reflection, however, began to offer some doubts of the prudence of a walk through secession woods, so near the enemy's camp; so we decided upon the longer but surer triangle of the main road, *via* Fairfax Court-House and Centreville.

A farm-house, with the useful appendage of a well, was visible on the slope of a hill not very distant; so we diverged toward it. We were very civilly received by the family, who appeared to show a rather strange mixture of colors. The two distinct races of white and black were both represented; the first by a deputation from the Celtic branch, for they did n't seem to claim kinship with the F. F. V; but between the two extremes were picanninies of various shades of burnt umber; and one, a curly-headed cherub nearly white, told me her name was 'Virginia Angelica.' The people of the house, white and black, of all ages, seemed to be on perfectly easy equality, sitting side by side on the door-step, and jointly offering us some pure cold water. B-o-o-m! B-o-o-m! *Therefore*, we did not stop to learn their history or politics.

Yet, why did n't I ask them how *they* wanted the battle to end? This county of Fairfax, some twenty-five years ago, received a good many farmers emigrating from Dutchess county, New-York. Is that stock still loyal?

A mile farther and we reach a church, about thirty feet square, built of

brick. It is in a little church-yard, in which were eleven new-made graves. Our soldier said these were filled from the secession camp, the deserted site of which was a few rods off. Inside, the church was dismantled and dilapidated. It had evidently been used as an hospital by the Virginia troops; a large stove, that had served for cooking, was tumbled over in the aisle. The building is probably a century old; and doubtless here, as well as at the noted Powheek church, a few miles off, Washington himself had often sat in those square, high-backed pews, and had knelt before this little altar; for Mount Vernon is not many miles distant. A supplement to the Creed and Commandments over the altar, in gilt letters, reads thus: 'Prayers without attention are like a body without a soul.' Behind the earth-work of the deserted camp, (the tents, by the way, seemed to have been made of bushes, in the absence of canvas,) I picked up some stray cards, letters and notes of 'little use except to the owner.' Walking on, we presently met three or four Michigan Fourths, tramping over from the Court-House battalion to that of Fairfax Station. Any tidings? 'No; but just there on the hill you can see the smoke over the trees.' Here, by the way, the 'Blue Ridge' mountains were plainly visible.

The country continued to be gently undulating, well wooded, and picturesque; but the beauty of the scenery and of the day was almost lost in thoughts of the conflict, and in the rather frequent annoyance of carrion by the wayside. About twelve we reached the little village which bears the sounding name of Fairfax Court-House — so recently noted for the charge of the *very* 'light brigade' of Tompkins' Cavalry. A small church of wood, an ordinary country tavern, perhaps fifty or sixty houses, and the Court-House itself, make up the village. This latter edifice, very like a New-England village academy, built of brick, and in fair preservation, stands in a green square in the centre of the village.

Our camp (Michigan 4th) was spread on the green, ready to challenge all comers, but the big autograph on our pass seemed to be known. This being on the main road from Washington to Centreville, a vehicle, or a vacant place in one, to head-quarters was among the possibilities; but the road was as quiet as if armies and battles were unheard of.

A glance at the peculiar interior of the Court-House, and of a lawyer's office opposite, where the occupant had decamped so suddenly that some bushels of letters, deeds, etc., lay scattered on the floor in most admired disorder; a brief discussion with a somewhat Yankeeish native, who proposed, for reasonable considerations, to drive us to Centreville; and my friend and I walked on, leaving our Philadelphia companions to overtake us in the proposed vehicle. If that vehicle ever started, will our good friends let us know?

As we walked on up the street which Tompkins so foolishly made famous, the handsome face of one of the captains seemed familiar as he passed, and I turned to say as much. 'Oh! yes. I am 'one of the trade' at A —, Michigan. You always see me at the Trade Sale.' 'Thus,' I moralized slightly, 'thus are we Americans always ready when our country calls.' I hope to learn at the next T. S. how and when Captain — and his command evacuated Fairfax Court-House.

One o'clock and more — so we trudge on — a full hour lost, and the great event of the day before us. Why should we be so slow in reaching it, was the query then as now ; but these little incidents, separately of the most trivial kind, together make up a picture of that day in 'Dixie.' Next group on the road : enter two soldiers and a doctorial-looking companion, overtaking us and also 'bound South.' My companion soon elicits their geographical status.

'Second Rhode Island.'

'Ah! from my State! And do you know —, and —, and —, in the Second?'

'Oh! yes; that's Greene,' says the surgeon, nodding toward the gentlemanly-looking soldier ahead of us. 'He was in the hospital at Washington; positive orders not to stir from it; but heard there was to be a battle, tumbled on his uniform, seized his musket, walked twenty miles, and here he is.'

It was a grandson of the great general of our first revolution, and a cousin of our friend the professor and author. The old pluck has n't died out yet. So we plod on, mutually introduced, and with plenty of talk to beguile the way. The day still delightfully cool, bright and airy, the road somewhat dusty, but still deserted and quiet: so up to about three o'clock P.M. The low, rumbling, booming sound of the distant artillery was again distinct, and even the rattling of musketry in platoons could be faintly distinguished. Since ten A.M. we had been going round the battle, now we approached it direct.

It was nearly half-past three when we met the first carriage of visitors returning to Washington in moderate pace.

'How goes the battle?' (eager question.)

'All right. We are beating them and driving them back. The day is ours!'

Another and another returning vehicle — same report. The interest increased, but we were only calmly excited. A doubt about the success of our army had scarcely occurred to either of us, none at least had been uttered. But now we knew that the most fearful struggle this nation had ever known was just being decided, and the victory — how *could* it be otherwise than on our side — the side of justice and freedom and good government — nay, the cause involving our national existence itself and the institutions of our fathers, against wholesale treason and usurpation and groundless rebellion, urged on by unprincipled and ambitious leaders to strike the very heart of the republic? Victory was ours, of course.

Another and another party from the field returning home; reports all the same: the rebels are driven back. Personal friends among these visitors, and some well known in public life: Senator Wilson, Hon. Caleb Lyon, etc. One on horse-back, Mr. S —, said to me about four o'clock: 'I am going to send a dispatch about the victory. If you stay on the field, I will meet you there to-morrow at head-quarters.'

'Man proposes, but God disposes.'

Five minutes after, an army-officer on horse-back, apparently on special business, and riding much faster than those who had passed, whirled by in

such hot haste as would n't stay question. He looked any thing but jubilant, and we just managed to entice from him four muttered words: 'Bad as can be!' Away he galloped. This paper aims at relating facts; the dramatic poetry and mental philosophy are waived in favor of the reader.

We pushed on toward the field. Vehicles still passed moderately, but their occupants appeared unconscious of disaster or of haste. The first indication of disturbed nerves met us in the shape of a soldier, musketless and coatless, clinging to the bare back of a great bony, wagon-horse—*sans* reins, *sans* every thing. Man and beast came panting along, each looking exhausted, and just as they pass us, the horse tumbles down helpless in the road, and his rider tumbles off and hobbles away, leaving the horse to his own care and his own reflections. Still we pushed on.

About half-past four, possibly nearer five, Centreville was still (as it proved) a mile or so ahead of us. We reached the top of a moderate rise in the road, and as we plodded on down its slope, I turned a glance back along the road we had *passed*; a thousand bayonets were gleaming in the sun-light, and a full fresh regiment were overtaking us in double-quick step, having come up (as I soon after learned) from Vienna. They reached the top of the hill just as we began to pick our way across the brook which flooded the road in the little valley below. At this moment, looking up the ascent ahead of us, toward the battle, we saw army-wagons, private vehicles, and some six or eight soldiers on horse-back, rushing down the hill in front of us in exciting confusion, and a thick cloud of dust. The equestrian soldiers, it could be seen at a glance, were only impromptu horsemen, and their steeds were all unused to this melting mode, most of them being bare-backed. Their riders appeared to be in haste, for some reason best known to themselves. Among them, and rather leading the van, was a solitary horseman of different aspect: figure somewhat stout, face round and broad, gentlemanly in aspect, but somewhat flushed and impatient, not to say anxious, in expression. Under a broad-brimmed hat a silk handkerchief screened his neck like a Havelock. He rode a fine horse, still in good condition, and his motto seemed to be 'onward'—whether in personal alarm or not, it would be impertinent to say. His identity was apparent at a glance. As his horse reached the spot where 'we five' stood together, thus suddenly headed off by the stampede, the regiment behind us had reached the foot of the hill, and the Colonel, a large and resolute-looking man, had dashed his horse ahead of his men, until he was face to face with the stampede.

'What are you doing here?' shouted the Colonel in a tone that 'meant something.' 'Halt!' (to his men.) 'Form across the road. Stop every one of them!' Then turning to the white-faced soldiers from the field, and brandishing his sword, 'Back! back! the whole of ye! Back! I say,' and their horses in an instant are making a reverse movement up the hill, while the army-wagons stand in *statu quo*: the thousand muskets of the regiment, in obedience rather to the *action* than to the *word* of the Colonel, being all pointed at the group in front, in the midst of which we stand. All this and much more passed in much less time than it takes to tell it.

'But, Sir, if you will look at this paper,' thus spake our distinguished

visitor in the advance to the determined and now excited Colonel, 'you will see that I am a civilian, a spectator merely, and that this is a special pass,' (here I half-imagined a doubt of the character of the regiment flashed in for a second,) 'a pass from General Scott.'

The manner and the tone indicated that the speaker and his errand were entitled to attention.

'Pass this man up,' shouted the Colonel somewhat bluntly and impatient of delay; and on galloped the representative of the *Thunderer* toward Washington.

[*Query*: Will he write us down so many run-aways, or has he seen the true spirit on our side?]

Now, the art of bragging and the habit of exaggeration are vices to which all we Americans are but too much addicted. But if I say that my friend T—— and myself stood in the midst of this *melée* much more impressed with its ludicrous picturesqueness than with any idea of personal danger, my friend at least would agree that this was the simple truth. The brief parley of 'Our Own Correspondent' suggested merely the thought that it was a pity such a stranger should be annoyed by such a crowd; I'd better say: 'Colonel, this is Mr. —— of the London ——; pray do n't detain him.' However, this all passed in a twinkling. Our two soldier-friends and the surgeon had pushed on between the wagons toward the field; the distant firing had ceased; the wagons quietly stood still; so T—— and I passed up through the regiment, which they told us was the First or Second New-Jersey, Col. Montgomery, from the camp at Vienna; and we sat down comfortably near a house at the top of the hill and waited to see 'what next?' In less than twenty minutes the road was cleared and regulated; the army-wagons halted, still in line, on one side of the road; the civilians were permitted to drive on as fast as they pleased toward Washington; the regiment deployed into a field on the opposite hill and formed in line of battle commanding the road; a detachment was sent on to 'clear the track' toward Centreville; and presently the regiment itself marched up the road in the direction of the field of conflict. It was now about half-past five.

If we two were not 'cowards on instinct,' we might still be indifferent to danger through mere ignorance. This is intended to be a simple and truthful narrative *only* of what *we* saw and did, not a philosophical analysis or an imaginative dissertation. The character, cause, extent and duration of that strange panic have already become an historical problem. Therefore, I specially aim to avoid all inferences, guesses and generalities, and to state with entire simplicity just what was done and said where we were. Of what passed on the battle-field, or any where else, *this* witness cannot testify: he can only tell, with reasonable accuracy, what passed before his eyes, or repeat what he heard directly from those who had just come singly from the fight or the panic; *so much* will go for what it is worth and no more. The separate sketches from *all* the different points of view are needed for a complete picture, or for a conclusive answer to the question: 'Did all our army run away?'

For us, two individuals who had not seen the battle or the first of the panic,

but only this tail-end of it, no discussion of the matter at the moment was thought of. We did n't ask each other, or any body else, whether it was safe to stay there, or to go near the main army. But if the question had been asked, our reply, merely echoing our thoughts at the moment, would have been thus :

' We have lost the day ; our army, or a part of it, after a sturdy fight of nine hours against the great odds of a superior force, strongly intrenched behind masked batteries, and after an actual victory, have fallen back at the last moment, and a part of one wing, with the wagons and outsiders, have started from the field in a sudden and unaccountable panic. But so long as we still have forty thousand men between us and the enemy, more than half of them fresh, in reserve, at Centreville ; so long as this, the only main road Potomac-wise from the field, is now quiet and clear, and 'order reigns' at Centreville, where our main body will rest ; what is the use of being in a hurry ? Let us rest awhile here, and then take our time and go on either South or North, as the appearance of things may warrant.' Briefly and distinctly, no worse view of the matter was indicated by any thing we saw or heard while waiting two hours in that very spot in the road where the panic was first stopped.

This view of 'the situation' was scarcely thought out and not uttered, and we were just comforting ourselves with 'an old oaken bucket which hung by a well' near the fence : the rather cross-looking Virginian occupant of the house eyeing us not quite amiably from his passive position on the door-step, when some of the straggling soldiers, who had eluded the Jersey men probably by leaping the fences, began to show themselves. Many of them were sound in body, but apparently fagged out. Most of them were wholly unarmed ; some in shirt-sleeves, and without coats or hats. Many were more or less wounded : one hit on the forehead, another in the neck, another in the leg, (none badly wounded could have limped so far on foot,) and a few were from the hospital, sick and hardly able to stand up. The first word of all of them was : 'Water ! Is there any water here ?' They all said they had eaten nothing since yesterday, nor tasted a drop of liquid, save only the muddy water of puddles by the road-side ; yet they had been all day long in the hardest of the fight. Doubtful this, perhaps, in some cases, but probably true of the Ellsworth Zouaves, of whom about a dozen were visible, all apparently worn out with work of the hardest kind. (No other New-York men were seen by us during the night.) Their stories of charges in the 'imminent deadly breach' of masked batteries, would have been less credible if they had not been *individual*, just from the field, and with no chance for *mutual* buncombe. 'We've lost half our men,' more than one of them said, perhaps honestly ; but the sequel was 'not so : ' perhaps one hundred were left behind. 'We've been badly cut up,' said one from another quarter ; 'the New-York 71st are half cut to pieces ;' and so they talked, one after the other. Revived with a long tug at our nectar and ambrosia in the old bucket, which was vigorously rolled up and down on its iron chain, they rested, washed, breathed long and well, and trudged on toward Fairfax. One poor fellow, a slender youth of eighteen, too tender altogether for a working army, panted up to the well and seemed too weak to hold himself up. 'I was sick

in the hospital,' said he ; ' they fired into it and killed several there, and I had to run as well as I could.' I omitted to take his name, poor fellow ; it would be comfortable to know he reached home. So we pulled the bucket up and down, thankful that in this easy way we could give aid and comfort to these panting, thirsty, fagged defenders of their country's flag, and never doubting they had honestly done their best.

Meanwhile, an army-wagon had been standing since we first met the panic in the same spot before this house. I note this particular wagon, lettered ' Co. H. 3d Reg., Me.,' because it is noteworthy that it stood in line, in one place all these two hours ; and the driver said, in answer to my question, that he ' should move on as soon as he had orders.' As this is the regiment of Col. Howard of West-Point, whom I (as one of those ' reception committees') had learned to respect and admire in New-York, I talked with the teamster about the doings of the day and of the Colonel, who was reported killed. During the brief panic, he had, like his neighbors, thrown overboard all his cargo, except five bags of oats. So, on these bags we persuaded him to spread six of the wounded soldiers, to be jolted over the road, in the absence of ambulances, which at this place at least were invisible. When he finally started homeward, with the rest of the teams, about seven, or near sunset, the line having been ordered to ' move on,' there was still room for us in a corner ; but soon other wounded soldiers were overtaken, and we boosted them into our places and took to our feet. During the few minutes we were in the wagon a new panic was raised. The stragglers in the road suddenly scampered over the fences to the woods, and the teamsters whipped their horses into a furious run for some five minutes, the dust flying so thickly that we could scarcely see each other. The first idea naturally pointed to the Black Horse Cavalry, who must be cutting us off ! It was now nearly dark. The two muskets still left among our six wounded companions were quickly *in rest* for a shot at the enemy ; but a moment more disclosed a couple of platoons ahead, stopping every thing on the road. These quickly proved to be a detachment of our Michigan 4th from Fairfax Court-House, sent forward to head off all sound-bodied fugitives and send them back to their regiments : hence the scamper over the fences. Only by this manœuvre could any soldiers pass the two reserves and reach the Potomac. On the road every man was stopped and turned back, excepting the wounded and the teamsters with their wagons. As to the civilians, they had long ago disappeared on the safe side ; we saw but one beside ourselves after sun-set, until we reached the pickets near the Court-House, about nine o'clock p.m. Here again, returning soldiers were still stopped and turned back at this time, and as late, certainly, as ten o'clock, or six hours after the retreat began. Could a couple of platoons turn back a whole army ? The wagons rolled slowly into the village, and for an hour, or more, I noticed the team of our friend of ' Co. H. 3d Regt., Me.,' being in its place in the line, still standing quietly opposite the Court-House.

The contents of my friend's haversack had been nearly exhausted, in bits given to the hungry men from the battle ; so we thought a little supper would not be amiss. The tavern, an average specimen of a fifth-rate village-inn, yet

claiming a higher grade probably, as the hostelry of the County Court, stands right opposite the Court-House, on the main road to Washington. The tea-table was still uncleared, and cold meat yet remained for the wayfarer ; so we took seats without question, and a couple of colored servants presently brought us some fresh tea and coffee—such as they were—and even took pains to bake us a warm blackberry-cake. (These trivialities are only recorded as obvious indications of a *deliberate* state of things rather than of a race from an enemy.) While we sipped our tea, a stranger joined us, saying calmly, by way of introduction : ‘My son has been wounded in the battle ; I’ve just brought him here—wish I could get him something that would taste like tea.’ We left him, sending an earnest message to the landlady : ‘Would pay any thing she pleased.’ A youth of twenty, civil and gentlemanly in manner, here appeared to represent the house.

‘How much is our supper, Sir?’

‘Twenty-five cents each.’

This moderate demand thankfully paid, I remarked : ‘Probably you have no beds to give us?’

‘Yes, Sir, I think I have.’

We could scarcely expect *this* comfort, for the house is small, and strangers rather abounded just now.

‘Thank you ; we’ll look about a little. Pray keep the room for us.’

Among the groups of talkers about the door, we noticed a decisive and emphatic-looking gentleman who was addressed by another as Senator Wade. He was reviewing some of the day’s incidents, and I afterward learned he had, with his friends, done excellent service in stopping part of the panic and stampede. Civilians were not all useless. The Senator seemed to be intending a return to Centreville next morning ; and meanwhile proposed to his friends to rest comfortably in their carriage. This was about eleven o’clock ; wagons still at rest ; as many soldiers about the place as I had seen at noon, but here and there a poor fellow would come in from battle-ward inquiring for the hospital. Every thing warranted an off-hand verification of my first impression—that is, that the army had rested and would stay at Centreville, and the wagons and stragglers would stay here. Even this scarcely seemed worth asking : we did n’t imagine any thing else.

About eleven o’clock our civil young host politely lighted us to a very good room, in which was a nice double-bed and a single cot.

‘We shall leave early ; we’ll pay for the room now, if you please. How much?’

‘Twenty-five cents each. But I may have to disturb you, gentlemen, to put some one in that other bed, for you see we are cramped for room.’

‘Certainly ; we hardly expected a bed ourselves. We’ll lock the door, but any one you send shall be admitted.’

‘Good-night, gentlemen.’

‘Good-night, Sir.’

Much less courteous hosts are to be found in our own Yankee land. By the way, the urgent message of the father of the wounded soldier had finally produced the landlady, a tall, straight specimen of a Virginia dame, lofty-capped,

stately, and somewhat cross ; and I could n't blame her, under the circumstances. I hope she produced her best Oolong, if not her Gun-powder.

We undressed, and were soon comfortably stowed in the amply large bed, not omitting our thanks to God for our preservation, yet not very deeply impressed with a sense of escaping any peculiar danger. As we lay talking of the day's events, the expected knock came, and our young host introduced an officer in uniform to occupy the other bed. He proved to be a Pennsylvanian, who had been only a spectator of the conflict. He told us of the death of Col. Cameron and of several incidents of the day. We talked to each other across the room for some twenty minutes, and then 'tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep' overtook us all. At any rate, when I rose at half-past one, both my companion and the officer were 'as sound as a top.' I had for an hour noticed confused talking of soldiers under our open window, and more arrivals seemed apparent ; but the only order I heard was : 'Second Wisconsin, fall in !'

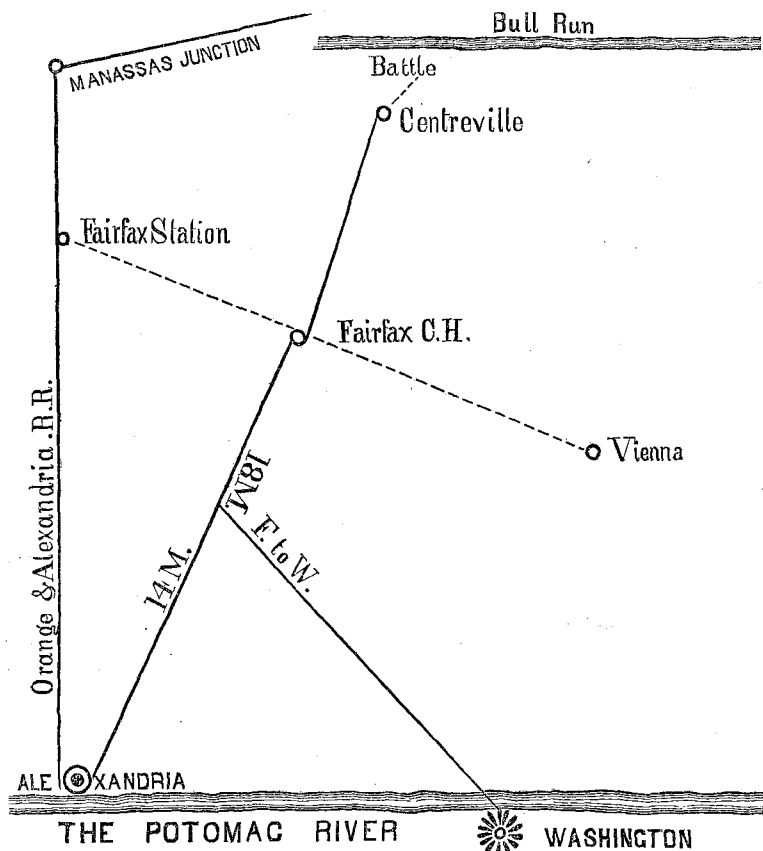
'T ——,' said I, 'I think you'd better wake up. It's a moon-light night, and walking will be more comfortable than in the day-time ; beside, I want to reach Washington early, and we can catch the seven o'clock boat from Alexandria.'

Rather reluctantly (for he was very tired) my friend got up : and we were comfortably dressed and in the road between two and three o'clock. Our roommate from the Keystone State we left sound asleep, for we had no authority to disturb him. If 'this meets his eye,' will he send a word to say whether he woke up in Richmond ?

The night was pleasantly cool ; and clouds and road lighted up by a full moon. Road fair but sandy. The wagons were plodding on in continuous line ; but that they were not much hurried or disordered, is evident from our soon overtaking our old friend of 'Co. H. 3d Reg., Me.' The road was about as sparingly sprinkled with stray soldiers as it was the other side of Fairfax, and in all we probably saw five hundred, not more, between the first panic in the road, and Alexandria. Many of these were lying in groups, asleep, by the roadside. Frequently, two would be together on a heavy wagon-horse without saddle ; several, slightly disabled, had climbed into the wagons. Two poor fellows I noticed together on a tired horse, looking the very picture of exhaustion. The expression on the face of one of them I cannot forget : he looked sick, and his eyes rolled in a despairing manner. I tried to cheer him, saying he would soon be in Alexandria, well cared for. He could only answer by what seemed a thankful smile. T —— and I tried to talk to as many different soldiers as we could reach, and to learn all they had to say. Their stories of the barbarities of the rebels to the wounded were too many and too varied to leave any doubt that 'No quarter' was the watchword of at least a portion of the rebel army. I might repeat a dozen of these sad incidents, showing how disabled and wounded men were butchered ; but the theme is sickening. For the sake of humanity, of common decency, let us hope that this barbarity was limited and local, and was condemned by the commanders. We since know that *after* the battle they did take care of our wounded and treat them well : let all justice be done.

Almost every man we talked with belonged to a different regiment from the last. They were chiefly from Rhode-Island, Connecticut, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin — I did not see any soldiers from Maine — New-Hampshire, Vermont, New-York, or Pennsylvania; but of course I speak only of our part of the road. Their accounts seemed to harmonize, especially in two points; namely, that our men held their ground sturdily until three o'clock; and whenever they came in actual contact with the rebels they drove them back; and secondly, that many of our officers were grossly inefficient, and some evidently showed the white feather. Orders seemed to be scarce; 'the men fought on their own hook.' Several, however, spoke of the gallant young Governor Sprague, of Rhode-Island, and said he behaved heroically. 'It was the movement of a Rhode-Island battery from the range of shells, to a new position, yet in perfect order, which started at least a part of the false panic and cry of 'retreat.' The Fire Zouaves had made some terrific charges; but as they would rush headlong on one masked battery, and capture it, they were decimated by another battery concealed in the rear. Late in the day, these sturdy fellows received a charge of the famous Black Horse Cavalry of Virginia, who were sent reeling back with half their saddles vacant. The greatest mistake on our side was want of cavalry; the next was, making us fight on empty stomachs, tired out, and without any water to taste except mud-puddles. As it was, the rebels were beaten and were falling back, when that panic was started at the last moment.' Such, almost literally, were the words of these men from different parts of the field, and before they could have compared notes among themselves. Toward day-break, we came up with a drove of forty cattle, belonging to the army, which had been driven back with the returning wagons all the way; and we took some extra exercise chasing a bullock or two, straying off into the woods. I think we saved our Uncle Samuel one stout animal, and fairly earned a beef-steak, which is hereby freely waived in behalf of privates A and B, who are probably as hungry as we. As day dawned, we came up with a female equestrian, probably a nurse, who walked her horse leisurely by the wagons. Soon we observed camps near the road, over which waved the Stars and Stripes; the ramparts of Fort Ellsworth on a hill commanding the road into Alexandria, were occupied by men, busy apparently in placing their guns in range; and at the outer picket near the town, another platoon from the garrison were 'arguing the point' with fugitive soldiers who were asking admittance. Even at this time only the wagons and the disabled men seemed to be allowed to pass: able-bodied soldiers were very properly stopped outside. Our *pass* was promptly honored as usual. At the first chance for a cup of coffee — a decent negro family in a *barnish*-looking house, where cakes were spread to tempt stray pennies from soldier-boys and others — we had a nice hot breakfast, without a single allusion to the event of the day. As we walked down the long dull streets of Alexandria, still almost vacant and cheerless, we began to see the people, male and female, looking out with expressions, as I imagined, of no very great grief at the news of the morning. Probably they had heard the worst story of the loyal side; and not a few appeared to be actually rejoicing. As we passed a group of four,

a man, of some position apparently, was saying: 'Has the world ever seen a worse whipping!' Pleasant, this. *Their* preferences, at least, were not very doubtful. Strangely deluded people! how long *can* they live under such an insane rebellion against a government whose worst fault has been a weak leniency and forbearance to its Southern children who were conspiring against its very existence?



The above rough diagram shows the general bearings and distances.

We stopped at that now famous scene of their folly and crime, the Marshall House, now in full occupation by our soldiery. The sentry forbade our entrance 'before nine.' Rain commenced just as we reached the seven-o'clock (the first) boat for Washington. So we were not only among the last from the *regulated* panic, but were with the first soldiers who reached Washington by this route. (The Arlington and Long-bridge road diverges some miles from Alexandria. Of the current *that way* — this side of Fairfax — we could not testify; but this is the *nearest way*.)

We had thus walked between thirty-five and forty miles in the course of twenty-one hours; and Mr. T—— seemed to feel so. In the boat I conversed with

a New-York gentleman and *his wife* who had been on the field near the battle, all day. His later expectations were connected with an involuntary trip to Richmond; but *Madame* did n't feel the least apprehension. Is female courage founded most on calm wisdom and steady nerve, or on a more limited appreciation of all the points of 'the situation?' Shall we say, 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise'?

Two omnibuses at the Washington dock were quickly filled with fugitive soldiers from the boat, some of them slightly disabled. On the top of one of them we rumbled up the avenue, and were soon enveloped in the eager circles at Willard's on that dismal morning; for a steady rain, as well as the news, was dampening the ardor of the excited people. The early stampeders had made the most of their sudden flight, and exaggerating tale-bearers and worse rumor-mongers had done their utmost. Here an idea that had more than once been suggested by what I had heard and seen, was greatly strengthened; namely, that the panic had been deliberately started, or at least accelerated by secessionists on the ground, among the Washington visitors. This may be wholly absurd and untrue; but how easily such a thing could have been done!

My loyal Washington friend's suggestion of the good moral effect which our Seventh Regiment would produce by their return to the capital while people's minds were thus disturbed, was duly noted. As the cars were to leave at two, and our flags now waved over both wings of the noble Capitol, I had the curiosity to 'take a turn' in the Senate, where gallant Andy Johnson had promised to speak on the bill approving the doings of the President. About thirty Senators were present, looking as calm as if the battle of New-Orleans had been the last on the continent. The scene here was a notable after-piece to the drama of yesterday.

Breckinridge sat at his desk, reading in a morning paper the news of our disaster. *Could* one mistake which was he? or misinterpret his expression of entire satisfaction with what he is reading? Is he *naturally* so cool and so dignified, and self-complacent, or does he *affect* a calmness and assume a virtue, though he has it not? Is he disloyal or really patriotic under difficulties?

What, of all things on this day, is under discussion? The Bill forbidding the return of fugitive slaves by our troops to disloyal owners.

'What!' said Senator Wilson, 'shall we take these men who have been used to dig entrenchments for masked batteries, behind which their traitorous masters are posted to murder our true loyal defenders—shall we force these poor men back to those traitorous masters to be used behind other batteries for mowing down the soldiers of the Union?'

The *tone* of the question was slightly *warmed*, I imagine, by what the Senator had seen at Bull Run. Allusion was made to the 'Senator from Kentucky,' who had demanded the yeas and nays, and a small shot was fired toward him.

'Mr. President,' said the ex-leader and candidate, rising with great assumption of calm dignity, 'the Senator from Massachusetts will of course do his duty as he understands it. I, Sir, as a Senator from Kentucky, shall endeavor to do mine.' [Resumes his seat and the newspaper, which he turns over

somewhat conspicuously toward 'the gentleman on the other side of the house.'] Pearce speaks, *half-way*, for Maryland. Mr. Clerk Forney presently calls the vote; Trumbull, Sumner, Wilson, and others, responding an emphatic '*Ay*;' and the chairman remarks that 'the bill is passed'—six Senators voting '*No*.'

Mr. Tennessee Johnson then postponing his speech, we looked into the House, found the seats as full as usual, and business proceeding; and so we adjourned to the cars, and soon whirled by our pickets, and passed the famous 'Junction,' and the Relay House, and Federal Hill, and noted Pratt-street; had a glimpse of Fort McHenry, (we had been told that the retreat would make a rise of a troublous tide in this region, but did n't see it,) and at half-past ten were fairly *pressed* into the densest of excited crowds at the Philadelphia 'Continental.' 'Is it true that we have twelve thousand killed, and our army all gone?' etc. etc.

Next morning I was rather hoarse—but I felt the pulse of a splendid regiment in Chestnut-street, bound for the cars as early as five A.M., and found that they were n't frightened, but rather the reverse.

Coolly recalling all that I had witnessed, and much that I learned from original witnesses on the spot, just from the field, I think we may safely conclude thus much, namely:

1. That we had been beaten.
2. That the battle should not have been fought on that day; not only because it was the Sabbath, but because, after a day's rest, with reconnoitring, and good meals, the enemy might have been *scorched* out of his den of batteries, and then whipped easily.
3. That our men showed pluck and fortitude, and stood their ground at great disadvantage.
4. That many of our officers were only so-so, and some were among the missing.
5. That the rebel force on the field was much the largest, and was repeatedly relieved by fresh regiments from their reserves.
6. That in the open field they were invariably driven back; their concealed batteries and their cavalry were their chief reliance, and chief success.
7. That their troops, at least a portion of them, butchered our wounded men, and gave no quarter; but that *after* the battle our wounded were well treated.
8. That the panic was a groundless one, caused by misapprehension, or possibly by design of traitors among the spectators; that it was soon stopped, although too late to save the day; that our main army remained together, and in comparative good order.
9. That part of the rebels were themselves retreating, at the same moment; and that the rest did not leave their intrenchments toward our forces, during that night.
10. That panics and false reports are 'as easy as lying.'

P. S.—Several incidents in this simple narrative were too trivial to be worth mention, except as they had reference to what has since become a topic of considerable public discussion — namely, the nature, extent, and duration of that panic. The following note from my companion is here added, because it was written before he had seen a word from me; while the circumstance that our companions on the track actually slept at *Centreville* until twelve P.M. is a curious confirmation of our theory, that deliberate movements that night were proved by the *sequel* to be quite safe. If our story appears like a tedious, much-ado about nothing, it is at least carefully pruned of all exaggeration.

‘Washington, D. C., July 24th, 1861.

‘Mr. —— :

‘DEAR SIR: In compliance with your request, I sit down to apprise you of the fate of our quondam companions in our adventures and eventful foray into ‘Dixie.’ I intended to call on you at Willard’s, on Monday evening, but after going to the Department, and reporting for duty, I found, after working two or three hours, that I became so sleepy that I was forced to obtain leave of absence, and going home, I threw myself on the bed, and enjoyed a happy unconsciousness of all sublunary affairs from that time till ten P.M.; and, indeed, with the exception of a short interval of waking, till the next morning. On presenting myself at my boarding-house, at breakfast, I found I had about been given over, as at least among the ‘missing.’ It seems that our two companions, Burnham and Young, after pushing ahead a little way on the track, repented of their temerity, and retraced their steps, as we did, to the station, and then took the road, also, to Fairfax Court-House; but on reaching the road leading to Centreville, they turned into that, and by thus cutting off the angle that we made, they were enabled to pass through that place, and even get quite near to the battle-field — full as near, in fact, as I think we should have cared to, for Burnham says that after they attacked the hospital, and the retreat commenced, they heard a cannon-ball whistle over their heads, which, I infer, contributed in a slight degree to an acceleration of their movements. They say they were at the place in the road when Colonel Montgomery (as I see it was by the papers) made that famous ‘halt!’ of the light brigade, (Russell and Company,) soon after it occurred, and they stopped there, procuring tea and a lodging at the house near by. They started on their return tramp at about twelve, and must have been only a little way behind us, all the way — reaching here in less than an hour after we did. I called at Willard’s the next morning, to report their safe arrival, but found you had left on Monday. Yesterday afternoon, I walked out to Camp Sprague, to ascertain, if possible, the fate of my uncle, of whom I had heard such bad news on the road, and from what I could gather, my worst fears were confirmed. A sergeant of his company, who, by the way, had himself received a slight gunshot wound in the back of the head, told me that he stood close beside him when he fell, and helped to bear him to the hospital, when they were obliged to leave him outside, under the shade of a tree. They considered his wound of itself mortal, and as the hospital was afterward shelled and taken, I think there can be but little doubt of his fate, especially in view of the accounts of

the enemy's barbarity to the wounded. A chaplain of one of the Connecticut regiments told me that he himself saw one of them go up to one of our wounded and bayonet him, though he pleaded to be spared; and that another gentleman, on whom he could rely, saw a similar instance of 'Southern chivalry.' Poor C——! . . . The only other persons missing from that company, half of whom were my school-mates, are, a young man who was placed to guard C——, and who, on being warned to flee, nobly declared he would not abandon a wounded comrade, and thus probably fell into the enemy's hands; and a young man named Lake, a brother-in-law of my wife's. The lieutenant, whom the young soldier we overtook reported as missing, had come in yesterday afternoon much exhausted, having been left behind, and obliged to crawl under some blackberry-bushes, and heard the Black-Horse Cavalry ride by, swearing, after the '—— Rhode-Island thieves.' He was obliged to sleep there all night; and then, after walking into Alexandria in the rain, by a piece of official stupidity, was compelled to remain on the wharf the rest of the day, and all of another night, though drenched to the skin, guarding some baggage, I believe. He has seen considerable service, both in the army and on a man-of-war, but he told me he never went through so much as he had since last Sunday morning. Among the missing in the other companies is one noble young fellow from Newport, with whom I used to board in Hartford, and whom I had often called on since he came here; I hope, however, to hear of his arrival yet. Among the wounded, I found one young fellow-townsmen, who had received a ball toward the back of one hip, which had passed so near through as to be extracted, by a slight incision, from the other; and yet he had walked the whole distance, and sat outside of the hospital-barracks, coolly smoking his pipe. There were instances of individual bravery in this battle not excelled by Thermopylæ or Marathon. When our volunteers left Bristol, one mother, a Mrs. Pierce, who had two sons among them, said she only wished she had more to send; and she afterward wrote a highly patriotic letter, which was read to the whole company, in the town-hall, on the morning of their departure. One of her sons met with an accident while they were encamped at Providence, by a comrade entering his tent with a musket, as he was going out, and forcing the bayonet into his eye, so that he was obliged to return home. The other son was in the battle Sunday; as the regiment stood on the hill, exposed to a galling fire, the color-sergeant, toward whom, of course, most of the shots were directed, rather flinched, and stepped behind a tree. Called upon to come out, he rather hesitated, when young Pierce proved himself a worthy scion of the parent stock, by seizing the standard, rushing in advance, and waving it defiantly at the enemy. I am happy to say that, though assailed by a shower of bullets, he came off unscathed. I sat down yesterday, and wrote out a little sketch of our escapade, which I forwarded this morning to the *Phoenix*, our paper at home, but I know not whether it will reach there in time for this week's issue. Should it appear, I will send you a copy, by all means. I think I shall have to procure a copy of your 'Rebellion Record,' in which that Sunday's proceedings, in which we were in a degree participants, will doubtless have an important place, though our individual move-

ments will probably not form *quite* so conspicuous a feature as in my narration. It seems to be pretty well ascertained that our loss, though quite heavy, is insignificant compared with the estimates made at first. Even the Fire-Zouaves, who were said to be 'cut to pieces,' have not probably more than one hundred at most in any way disabled, and other regiments came off almost unharmed. The loss of the Zouaves seems to have been owing to the want of cavalry to flank them in attacking the batteries. . . .

'Yours truly,

H. H. T.'

2d P. S.—I cut the following document from the *Daily Times*, of Bath, Maine, July 31.

A Political and Patriotic Gem.

BY THE DESCENDANT OF AN 'F. F. V.'

ON the memorable twenty-first of July, the day of the great battle near Manassas, a party of civilians, consisting of C. T. Greenleaf, Esq., of this city, G. P. Putnam, Esq., of New-York, . . . Rev. D. Torrey, of Ithaca, N. Y., and one or two others, were at Fairfax Court-House, Virginia, and on the spot where the Virginia Rifles had been stationed, Mr. Greenleaf picked up a paper carefully and legibly written in blue ink. It proved to be a gem of rare merit, a rough diamond, indicating that the Muses and the school-master are abroad, and for the edification of our readers we are permitted to give below a *verbatim et literatim* copy:

'My harp is hung on the willow tree, Its of to the war I will gou
My peace home has no charms for me Ile meet them on the potomac show
Thare is a war a kindling fast tis on land & sea, And we must and face our enemee
Great Britain eighty years a gou, whilst we were young and slender
She aint at us a mortal bow, But god was our defender
JEHOVAH saw her horid plan Great WASHINGTON he gave us
His holiness inspired that man With power and skill to save Us
She sent her fleets and armies ore To ransack kill and plunder
Our heroes met them on the show And did beat them back like thunder
Our Independance we possest And with thare hands they assind it
But on thare hearts twas near imprest And never could we find it
We bore it untel forbarrance twas degrading They wood rob our ship at sea and stop Us
from furren nation a trading
The WASHING has built his fame with credit and renoun
He has planted a tree of libertee that Britteans cant pul down
The roots they reach from Show to Show the Branches reach the sky
Tis oh for freedom wele a dow Will Conquer foes or die
for JAMES SCHOFIELD (from Lynchbug virginia for JAMES P. CHRISTIAN

TO THE EVIL OF ALL TIME.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Rustica gens, optima flens, pessima ridens.' — MEDIEVAL PROVERB.

God is not dead yet, ye liars of the South!

I will hold no measured words with men who so blaspheme,
As to swear that sacred freedom is condemned by His own mouth,

And the martyr-side of history was all a bloody dream.

But the last sun has not set,

And man has not toiled for ages

To be fooled out of his wages

Because 'The South' has said it. God is not dead yet.

Ye never-dying vampires, still in old Etrurian graves

Rest the vases with the ashes of the forms which once ye wore,

When ye strove to crush the People back into dirt as slaves,

And said: 'We are patricians — be ye sold for evermore!'

But howe'er ye spread the net,

There were thoughts which would break through it,

And they live to make you rue it

Through the brightening path of ages. God is not dead yet.

How ye howled in indignation when a Gospel for the low

Was preached to poor and simple men — untampled and unpriced!

But ye dug your darkest pitfall, and shaped your weariest wo,

When ye crucified the People, in the form of JESUS CHRIST:

And you thought Truth's sun had set,

But it dawned upon a morrow,

Which brought you endless sorrow,

And sounded your *œ victis*! God is not dead yet.

How through the Middle Ages your accursed banners flaunted,

And with biting pride you vaunted the wild-beast crests you wore.

'The serf is vile when laughing; good when weeping, crushed, and daunted,'

Was the precious *Christian* doctrine of your feudal Latin lore;

While with blood your racks were wet.

So ye ever used your power,

While fortune was in flower;

But now comes the avenging hour. God is not dead yet.

Then came the Reformation, like a dagger in your side,

With its LUTHERS and VON HÜTTENS, striking error to its grave;

And their war-shouts, once in heaven, turned to holy hymns, which cried

For the sacred rights of labor and freedom to the slave:

And we forced from you the debt;

But something is still owing,

There is compound interest growing,

And now we'll *make* you pay it! God is not dead yet.

Ye have bid, and are outbidden. Every roaring revolution
 Was a heavy contribution from the endless wealth of time :
 France and England sent their monarchs to the block of execution,
 Italia gave her sufferings, and *all* a faith sublime ;
 While ye held the bayonet,
 Defying and decrying
 Every truth with your foul lying :
 Wo to your wilful blindness ! God is not dead yet.

Ye are fighting your last battle ; in your rattlesnake alliance
 Of love for negro labor, and hatred of the white ;
 Ye stand amid your marshes, bidding all the world defiance,
 Cursing history and Scripture, and each holy human right.
 In vain the curse and threat,
 For your evil days are numbered,
 And the sacred power which slumbered
 Now wakes to final vengeance. God is not dead yet.

Our brothers' blood is flowing, but a storm of wrath is blowing,
 And vengeance is hot glowing in the hearts of sires and wives ;
 And the seeds which ye are sowing will never cease from growing,
 Till the scythe of Death stops mowing lives to pay for Northern lives ;
 When he pauses, 'tis to whet
 The blade of vengeance brighter,
 And his blows will not fall lighter
 While the smallest debt is owing. *God is not dead yet.*

THE COQUETTE.

BY JOEL BENTON.

You were sitting by the lattice,
 So you hailed me passing by ;
 You, who play the artful spider,
 Took me for the silly fly.

Once your beauty would have held me —
 Curls of jet, and lips so sweet ;
 But the golden chain is broken,
 And I know you, hollow cheat !

Vain your soft words, vain your oglings,
 Vain each cunning, sharp device ;
 Love, like lightning, my gay Madam,
 Never hits the same mark twice !

REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET:*

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF ST. LEGER.

'Mislike me not for my complexion.'—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PART II.

CHAPTER TENTH.

'You do n't look happy yourself, papa; are you ill?'

Yes, I was ill—sin-struck, conscience-struck. There I stood facing my innocent child—a liar; a mean liar, who had thrown away his birth-right—a life-long character for probity—for a quarter of one per cent commission on twenty-nine hundred dollars; seven dollars and twenty-five cents. No, it was not that, it was not for the money. Had I been suffering from hunger, and this crime would procure me food, there might be some excuse. But I did not lie for the seven dollars and twenty-five cents. I never thought of my commission. I told that apt and ready falsehood in order to carry my object, to succeed in my negotiation, to show Mr. Harley that I was a capable agent, a shrewd man of business. In doing this, I deceived one who had entire confidence in me and who in this particular case had trusted implicitly to my word. Such were the thoughts which passed swiftly through my brain.

Again Alice repeated: 'Dear papa, what is the matter?'

I put my arms gently around her and kissed her forehead. 'Not ill, at all, but much fatigued,' I said. This seemed to assure her, and she ran in gayly

* TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

Is it permitted to criticise the productions of your contributors while their works are being printed in your pages? Assuming the affirmative, I beg leave to say that I have perused, in company with my wife, and with intense sensations, all the numbers of Mr. KIMBALL'S 'Revelations of Wall-Street.' This month we have nearly concluded to lay them aside. The objection we have is, that the author presents his picture all shadow: literally, it is too painful. I admit the incidents are natural, and all may have actually happened. They are, I repeat, life-like—distressingly so; but why not give us some little glimmering of light? Why enshroud so interesting a story with such an everlasting gloom? Surely the author knows how to weave into his narrative—for he has done so in other of his works—alternations of light and shade, which will greatly relieve his readers, and I am quite sure the hero, Mr. PARKINSON, will not be any the worse for it.

J. E. R.

'West-Fourteenth Street, August 5th.'

Exactly. J. E. R. wants a romance: a theatrical representation: exaggerated pictures, plaster-of-Paris and brick-dust. Suppose we tell J. E. R. a whole volume of dark, melancholy truths, patent, staring us in the face; why does he ask us to dilute them? Does not J. E. R. know that there are individuals among us whose lives are *all* gloom through long, long years? Doubtless, it may make J. E. R. feel disagreeably to hear this, but we tell him these persons need the charity of friendly sympathy and aid a thousand-fold more than the beggar who walks the streets. We do not undertake to cater for the amusement of J. E. R. and his wife by essaying to make them cry in one chapter and laugh in another, but on the contrary, we are presenting, without artistic plot or arrangement, the history of one of our well-known merchants who believes the record may serve a good purpose. As J. E. R. is not presumed to know the fate of Mr. PARKINSON, perhaps he and his wife would do well to read on and they may yet run against some brighter scenes. Who knows?—EDITOR MEMOIRS.

before me. She was overjoyed to see the boxes of wine: she knew, she said, that every thing would turn out happy again. Her father would soon recover his position — she was certain of it. I was accustomed to talk over with my daughter every evening the various incidents of the day. She was the only being in the world who sympathised entirely with every effort of mine and every emotion. She would sit looking earnestly at me, expressing joy or regret as my narration was favorable, or the reverse. Indeed, she appeared to be my guardian angel, placed there for my consolation after my wife had gone. On this occasion, however, I did not feel disposed to speak of the day's business. I did think at one moment that I would give Alice a full account of it. Should I tell *all*? I was tempted to do so, but I reconsidered the matter, postponed it rather, for dinner was coming in, and with dinner was placed on the table a bottle of the wine from Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company. It was of the best quality, and I partook freely of it. Then I was in a better humor with myself; I saw things in a mellowed and more charitable light. 'Be not righteous over-much,' rose aptly to my lips. 'Morbidity from too great seclusion,' and so forth.

The scene at the table became quite gay: children are so magnetic and appreciative — so ready to enjoy! The evening passed pleasantly, and I went to bed almost longing for the next day in which to push my enterprises; and, filled with pleasant visions and cheering hopes, I fell asleep.

Reader, do you not pity me in your heart? Like Samson, I knew not that I was shorn of my strength, but was ready to exclaim as he did: 'I will go out, as at other times before, and shake myself.' Do you not pity me, that after entering on the declining years of life, with loss of fortune and friends and social position, I should now make shipwreck of a good name? Or are you one of the free-and-easy sort who will exclaim: 'Lord bless the man, what's the matter with him? What has he done more than is done every day by merchant, doctor, lawyer, priest? What business had Loomis to ask him any such question. Answered him right enough. Sorry Parkinson is going to turn out such a milk-and-water fellow. Shall lose all sympathy for him.'

Perhaps so. But the mass of mankind are honest in their instincts, and the mass will understand the mortal wound inflicted on myself that day.

The next morning I went early to my office. I felt a certain sense of diminution as I walked up the stairs and entered it. It appeared to me that all of a sudden I had ceased to respect myself: that I was merely floating about with no fixed principle, attempting to pick up a few dollars like poor Downer or certain others whom I knew. While I was indulging in these reflections, Harley came in. His arrival had a pleasant, soothing effect on me. Every thing seemed all right the moment he entered. He shook hands with me, not, as one would say, cordially, or with friendly emphasis, or hearty good-will, but with a serious warmth, as if he meant by it: 'How happy for both that we have met; we are destined to be of great service to each other; at any rate, you can confide in and command me from this time forward.'

'I called,' said he, 'to give you some seasonable information about Alworthy and Company. They have just gone into an extensive operation, which will

throw a large amount of their paper on the market. Although we are in no haste for the money, you had better place the notes you have before these others get into the street. In fact, just resolve to make a day of it and the thing is done. They are bold fellows,' he continued, 'and are coining money by their operations in cotton, but so much paper will raise the rate: so sell to-day. Do n't you say so?'

Of course I agreed with him. The question was, where it was best to offer the notes, and in that connection, I found myself narrating to Harley what I had concealed from my child, to wit, how, as it were, without knowing it, I had told Loomis I was not aware of there being more paper of that sort afloat.

'I see, I see,' said my new friend. 'I am sorry. You should have avoided the question, and now you may be hurt with a valuable customer. My advice is, to go direct to him — take the bull by the horns —'

'And tell him the plain truth,' interrupted I; 'that's just what I was thinking of doing.'

'Tell him no such thing,' rejoined Harley. 'The truth is not to be spoken at all times. Not that I counsel falsehood, never: but having unfortunately *committed yourself*, let us see what is the next best thing to do. Loomis is a coarse, unfeeling man; I know him well. He could never appreciate your delicate and sensitive nature. No, my advice is, to call on him at once and say you find there are more of those notes in market; that you have them to negotiate, and name exactly the amount, and ask him to take them. To be sure, he won't buy any more, but it will be turning your mistake to the best account.'

What shall I say of Harley's influence over me? How explain it? I do solemnly aver that while he detailed to me this plan for repairing damages, I saw no great evil in it, nothing very objectionable, or calculated to do violence to my moral sense. The plausibility of the statement, its likeness to the truth, its not containing any rough, angular contradiction, together with the happy result to be achieved, completely lulled my conscience.

Perceiving that I was quite lost in thought, Harley continued: 'Mind, Mr. Parkinson, I do n't say this plan, standing by itself, is strictly right, but I repeat, considering what has already occurred, I see nothing dishonorable in my suggestion. Nothing which can by any possibility harm Loomis or any one.'

Strange how thoroughly we began to be acquainted; strange how this man began to exercise a species of magnetic power over me. Do not be incredulous. Upon my honor, I am recording the simple truth. I took the notes, went to Loomis, made my announcement, and offered him more of the paper.

'And how did he receive it?' you ask.

Without moving a muscle — as a keen, sharp-witted man receives unsatisfactory information. There was, however, a calculating expression in his eye, as if he were weighing what I was saying, not with reference to the altered value of the paper, but of the truth of my statement; at least, so I fancied. He did not want to purchase farther, he said. He asked me if I knew the indorsers. I told him I had seen one of the partners after negotiating the notes with him yesterday, but could give no information about the house. I took my leave, and will remark here that I never sold that man another note. He formed his judgment off-hand, and acted accordingly.

By very active exertion I succeeded in selling the remainder of Alworthy's notes. It was hard work, and I had to submit to high rates. But Harley said, 'Better place all to-day,' and before three o'clock it was done, regardless of the sacrifice. Then we sat down in my office, where I gave him a statement of the whole transaction. When he had examined it and counted the cash, he laid aside two hundred and fifty dollars, and handed it to me, saying: 'I hope this will be a slight compensation for the trouble you have been at in this business.'

I was astounded, and knew not what to reply. While I was hesitating Harley continued.

'If you please, not one word; you are entitled to this, and I can afford to pay it. If I could not, I would not offer it, I assure you. It is only bringing you in to share a portion of the profits of a legitimate commercial transaction. One of these days I may ask you to do something without any commission. And I promise, if necessary, I will not hesitate to call on you.'

This explanation was very comforting and satisfactory. My heart was full. It seemed that PROVIDENCE, after a bitter ordeal, had furnished me a genuine friend. At last Fortune was beginning to relent. Was it possible? I had now five hundred dollars ahead! The *bitterness* of poverty was past. I could breathe with a kind of freedom. And there sat the kind-hearted man who had done so much and was preparing, I was certain, to do still more for me. How pliant all this appeared when viewed in the light of his accommodating nature. Every thing seemed so plain and easy of accomplishment, and so long as I was with him, it was impossible even to invent a difficulty.

'My friend,' said Harley, addressing me with an air of deep interest, 'permit me to tell you what you are suffering from. You have encountered a series of disasters, which, with the loss of your wife, has broken your courage, and reduced your moral status to below par. You have foolishly decided to accept your fate instead of battling against it. In this you show weakness; not natural in you, but induced by the untoward circumstances you have encountered. Now, there is no reason you should confine yourself to the treadmill work of selling notes for a paltry commission. At present there are various enterprises, in which as negotiator you could come in for a share of the profits without having to advance or indeed risk any money. And you owe it as a duty to your family not to permit them to fall in the scale of social life. Believe me, my friend, you have a grave responsibility in that quarter.'

Had I been dreaming? or was I now dreaming? Could any thing be more self-evident than what Harley was urging on me? [Yes, I had lost my courage, become humble—was ready to hew wood and draw water, if necessary, to gain a living. But O reader! I was meanwhile an honest man. How much that means, none can fully understand who has not fallen from the high estate.] I replied to him, assenting to what he said, but remarked he little knew the difficulty of a fresh start after being so completely prostrated as I had been.

'Courage, courage,' he replied; 'all depends on courage. You will dine with me to-day. The children will let you off for once. I shall introduce you to my wife, and I hope we may make an hour or two pass cheerfully.'

I accepted Mr. Harley's invitation, and he proceeded to send his boy (who was waiting in my office) with a note to my house to let Alice know that I should not be home as usual. 'Now,' continued Mr. Harley, 'it is not always I have money over, but just at present I happen not to be short. Let the balance on the other transaction (it was between seven and eight hundred dollars) stand to your credit in the bank for a while; and, as I said, if you can employ it in the mean time, you are welcome to do so. It will give you more strength, and what is better, it will add, I hope, to your confidence. I must go round to my office, but I shall see you at five.'

After Mr. Harley left, I put the two hundred and fifty dollars, which was lying on the table, carefully in my pocket, and starting to my feet, I walked briskly up and down the room, rubbing my hands together with a species of glee; and thus I celebrated the success of the day. I had still something on hand to do. One or two small notes to get through for very respectable parties; and although it was after three, I knew I could find several money-lenders still at their posts. So I descended to the street.

Reaching the pavement, I saw a few persons congregated on the corner. Walking in that direction, I perceived Sol. Downer in charge of a police-officer. They were evidently waiting for something. But the official was impatient, and seemed disposed to proceed on his way.

'For God's sake,' I heard poor Downer exclaim in a low tone, as I came up, 'step into my office, for a few minutes, till my lawyer can come. At any rate, give me a chance to send home.'

The officer had doubtless received an urgent charge to make quick work with the arrest; indeed, I saw a young man, whom I recognized as a clerk in a most respectable banking-house, whispering to the police official. Whereupon the fellow became still more peremptory, and said he could wait no longer. I am happy to say, my better emotions prevailed over the selfish ones. I walked up to Downer, and asked him if I could be of any service.

He was sensibly affected. 'Thank you,' he whispered in a hoarse, unnatural tone—he put me in mind of a wild beast hunted to his lair, and desperate. 'I wanted to see Storms, my lawyer, but this humble servant of justice can't wait; oh! no, because the almighty house of Strauss, Bevins and Company says "proceed," I must go to the Tombs in double-quick time.'

'And what is it?' I asked in a low tone.

'Why, what turns out to be a forged note on a good house was put into my hands by a stranger to sell; I did sell it to them, paid over the money, and received my commission, and on my soul, that's all I know about it. Yet I am to be made the scape-goat.' The policeman here interposed, and said they must be off.

'What can I do for you? Do you require any money?' I asked.

'No, thank you, but will you call on Storms, and tell him where I am, and ask him to come to me as soon as possible, and — and ——' his voice became tremulous — 'will you please stop at my house, and tell my folks that I am obliged unexpectedly to go out of town to-night; mind you say out of town, to back to-morrow; put this in an envelope, and seal it, and give it to my wife.'

He handed me a three-dollar bill, and the next moment was on his way up Nassau-street, toward the Tombs.

This affair depressed me greatly, I hardly knew why. I proceeded at once to Mr. Storms' office, where I waited half-an-hour before he came in. Then I repeated what I knew as to the charge against Downer, and delivered his message, that Mr. Storms should go to him. I was gratified at the lively interest that gentleman (who was a counsellor of high respectability) manifested in the case. 'Poor fellow!' he exclaimed, 'I will go at once. Whatever the charge is, I know Downer has intended nothing wrong.'

It was now too late to attend to any other business, and quite time for me to meet my appointment with Harley, at the Gloria Hotel, then the latest built, and in consequence the most fashionable house in the city. I found him occupying a handsome private parlor, where he introduced me to his wife—he had no children—who was a pale, stylish-looking young woman, dressed after the latest mode, a good deal affected, and rather inclined, as the phrase is, to put on airs. She received me politely, and during the few moments before dinner, managed to give me a very tolerable idea of the miseries and inconveniences attending living at a hotel. It was the ordinary, common-place talk, very prettily rehearsed. I ventured to suggest keeping house.

'Oh! not for the world, not for ten worlds,' exclaimed Mrs. Harley. 'HEAVEN knows I have care enough now; nothing on earth would ever induce me to venture on house-keeping.'

We were just then summoned to dinner, and the interesting conversation was interrupted. I soon discovered, by the extraordinary deference Harley paid his wife, that he was under a species of discipline while in her presence. In fact, he appeared like a different person. Not a word did he utter that he did not watch, with a kind of solicitude, its effect on her. During dinner, Mrs. Harley, who, delicate as she seemed, I found possessed an excellent appetite, made frequent inquiries if I knew this or that person or family. I could very often answer in the affirmative, which seemed to increase the lady's respect for me.

'Oh! well,' she said, 'I wish Algernon was not so engrossed in business as to neglect social life. I think it a shame, Mr. Parkinson, and so I tell him.'

Mr. Harley here joined in the conversation, admitted the truth of the charge, filled my glass from a fresh bottle of wine; 'women can't appreciate,' said he, 'all we have to contend against.'

'Appreciate!' interrupted the lady. 'If an incessant clamor about it would make us do so, I think we might. No; I *do n't* appreciate it, I confess. You men love the excitement of business, and you don't stop to think your wives love the excitement of fashion, society, and so forth, and you are a selfish set, all of you.'

I did not deny this, but helped Mrs. Harley to a sweet-bread, and some preserved peas, which for a time seemed to quiet her resentment. Meanwhile, as dinner proceeded, and the wine began to circulate, my host grew even more friendly and communicative.

'Do you know,' he said in a low tone, 'we are about entering on a magnificent period for speculation? I mean legitimate speculation; there is much

to be done, I assure you, and *we* — you and I — must take advantage of fortune when at the flood. For myself, I am a sanguine man, perhaps too sanguine; I need just such a friend as you to counsel and advise with, and sometimes to hold me back. Do not think me too disinterested or too benevolent. I am sure your friendship will be as valuable to me, as I hope mine may be to you. It is when benefits are mutual that coöperation is really of value. By the by, you must taste this new brand of champagne. Pemberton has just secured the agency. Do not forget to recommend it when you have a chance, that is, if you are yourself satisfied. I have introduced it at the Gloria splendidly: got half-a-dozen friends to call for it on the same day. The next, down came an order for a dozen baskets, and it goes off now like hot cakes. I tell you, my friend, every thing has to be puffed into notice; and if what you offer is a good thing, and no honest man (this said with great *empressement*) will ever offer what is not good, why, the more you try to introduce it the better for the world at large, and yourself in particular.'

'I really think it is downright rudeness in you, Algernon,' (Mrs. Harley had finished her sweet-bread and preserved peas,) 'to be monopolising Mr. Parkinson in that way; talking about business too. I declare it is shameful.'

'I agree with you,' I hastened to reply, and so cover my friend, 'but permit me to say, it grew very naturally out of your husband's offering me a new brand of wine.'

'Oh! I am disgusted with all that sort of thing; managing, managing, the whole time; I am sick of management, I hate management. If I were a man, and a business-man, and could not get along without it, I would ——'

'Yes, tell us what you would do,' interrupted Mr. Harley, with a winning smile.

'Well, I know I could do without it, and I *would* do without it; that's all.'

We both laughed, and Mrs. Harley continued much in the same strain till the dessert was brought in, when her attention was turned in its former direction. Dinner over, I escorted the lady into the grand hall, where several persons of both sexes came up to speak with her, and at this particular juncture her husband remarked: 'Mr. Parkinson and I are going to smoke a cigar, my dear: shall we leave you here? The lady bowed a careless assent, and we turned our steps toward the smoking-room. We spent the time there in earnest conversation, in which I was principally a listener, and which assumed on the part of Mr. Harley a most confidential tone. He gave me an account of his past fortunes, the checks and reverses he had experienced, and his present cheering prospects. He was soon to leave for England, and should carry out with him several notable schemes, sure to attract the attention of the capitalists on the other side of the water. He produced some of his papers, and gave me a brief account of the various enterprises he had at command. Among these I distinctly recollect the following:

Three California gold-mines.

One Virginia ditto, in working order.

One on the Isthmus.

Two magnificent Lake Superior copper-mines.

One Tennessee copper-mine.

Charter from the State of Virginia for a land company.

Ditto from the State of Georgia for a timber company.

Plan for purchasing live-oak lands in Florida.

Invention (already patented) for making paper out of the bark of certain trees.

Ditto for smelting ores with little or no fuel.

Ditto for generating steam, ditto, ditto.

Plan for manufacture of French brandy at Paris, out of whiskey, to be imported from America, and returned properly flavored and colored, and sold in bond in New-York.

Invention for making steel out of coarse pig-iron, at a trifling expense. Together with various little affairs, which Harley called playthings, out of which he 'could always make a few thousand pounds.'

'You see,' he continued, 'I have my hands full. I know what I am about. I have made every preparation in London. I left there only three months ago. I have secured Larry, Buxton, Westneath and Hope for my solicitors, the first men in their line in the city; very rich connections; had a letter from them yesterday. Glynn and the London and Westminster Bank will act as my bankers. I shall get off as soon as possible. Now, you see, Mr. Parkinson, why I want a reliable man to represent this side, while I am on the other. We can join forces, and in less than a twelve-month I will promise you half-a-dozen fortunes, if one won't satisfy you.'

It was with such hopeful conversations that the evening was beguiled. Although I could not be blind to the fact that Harley was simply a speculator, ready to embark in any scheme that should promise well, I knew at the same time that there were opportunities for making money out of such matters, and that not infrequently they did turn out well when in clever hands. Now, Harley was already acquainted in London, and had laid the foundation for what he was to do. Why, out of all these enterprises might not one turn out a prize? I must say, that while his ingenuous avowals rather lowered my previous standard of the man, I felt as kindly toward him as ever, and, I believe, quite as much under his magnetic — I was about to say magical — influence.

During a slight pause in the conversation, I looked at my watch. It was after ten o'clock. Suddenly I thought of Downer, and my promise to visit his family. What would they not suffer all this evening from the unexplained absence! I started up and declared I must leave. Mr. Harley would have detained me, but he saw I was urgent. So we mounted again to his parlor, where I had left my over-coat, to say good evening to madam. She was seated languidly in one of the rocking-chairs.

'This is always the way,' she said, 'Algernon invites a guest. Immediately after dinner, on the plea of wishing to smoke a cigar, he disappears with him to the regions below, whence he emerges toward midnight, and where he talks business, business, business.'

'Forgive me,' I exclaimed, 'I think I am the offender this time, not your husband, for permitting myself to become so interested in what he has been saying. I will promise better behavior in future.'

The lady smiled, Harley smiled, and I came away.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

WHEN I descended to the side-walk, I found a driving, blinding snow-storm had set in, for it was now the first week in December — one of those storms peculiar to New-York. The wind blew half a hurricane through the streets, carrying the snow along laterally and with a fury almost irresistible into the face and eyes of the pedestrian, turning umbrellas inside out, encasing the lamps with a thick crust, confusing the omnibus-drivers, and making every kind of locomotion nearly impossible. Sol. Downer's residence happened to be quite as far up-town as mine, but unfortunately on the other side of the city. I managed to get into an omnibus going near his home, but from which I would be forced to walk all the way to mine.

It was eleven o'clock before I rang at Mr. Downer's door. It was opened almost instantly by a tall, elderly lady, neatly dressed in black, and of a most prepossessing appearance, who exclaimed on seeing me : ' Oh ! how relieved I am : I feared something had happened to you.'

As I stepped into the hall, she discovered her mistake, and her terror was extreme. Her lips became bloodless and her eyes wild as she seized my arm and uttered in a faint tone, ' Where is my husband ?'

With a word I reassured her. ' He is perfectly well. Just as I was leaving my office he asked me to call and say he was obliged to go out of town, to return to-morrow.' At the same time I put the envelope which covered the three dollars in her hand.

It was hard to absolutely convince her, that is, instinctively she felt something *had* gone wrong, but she was measurably relieved and asked me into the parlor. As I was suffering from cold after a slow, tedious ride in the omnibus, I accepted the invitation, and entered a room very inexpensively but prettily furnished, where around a table were seated two young ladies of really charming appearance, and a youth of fifteen or sixteen. The whole arrangements produced a subdued but pleasant impression. No one could mistake the quiet and unpretentious air which pervaded the apartment. I hastened to repeat my message and to explain still farther that I had myself been detained late by a previous appointment.

' Yet, how much we thank you for coming,' said the lady ; ' we were all in such distress. Mr. Downer applies himself so hard, and is so frequently subject to ill turns, that I am always very nervous when he is out a little over his time ; but to-night, oh ! it was dreadful, and in this terrible storm.'

As I cast my eyes round the room and saw the evidences there of a refined and gentle spirit ; saw the order of the household ; saw well-educated and well-regulated children ; saw what should make a man happy in his home, I thought of the hard-pushed and desperate man who was toiling, sweating, agonizing to keep that family together. I could fancy Downer coming in from his degrading labors, casting off the slough with which encounter with rogues and knaves, sharpers and misers had besmeared him, and enjoying the lovely influence of that home scene. Yes, now I understood what he was battling for — to keep *these* safe and screened from misery. Poor fellow ! and my heart reproached me for what my heart had felt toward him of late.

In the course of conversation I mentioned that Mr. Downer and I were old acquaintances, and repeated my name. Mrs. Downer recollected it, she said, but she made no allusion to former times, and our remarks turned wholly on present topics. In a few minutes I took my leave, preparing to encounter the fury of the storm on foot.

B U L L R U N .

BY RALPH RANDOM.

BRIGHTLY the morning met
 The sun on yonder plain ;
 Darkly the night has set
 On mangled heaps of slain,
 Who bravely strove with gleaming blade,
 And darkly dyed the greenwood glade
 With living streams of gore.

On mangled heaps of slain
 The night has darkly set ;
 But on that gory plain
 A few are breathing yet,
 A few who, bleeding, dying there,
 To foemen raise a feeble prayer,
 And mercy now implore.

Mercy ! while the thunders roll
 Above the reeking sod ;
 Mercy ! while the passing soul
 Is soon to meet its God !
 Mercy ! while the quivering breath
 Is wrestling with the giant Death,
 In anguish sad and sore !

Oh ! give an hour, ye fiends !
 For life is ebbing fast ;
 An hour — their all depends,
 One hour — 't will be their last !
 But no ! the coward butchers smite,
 And they who bled for Truth and Right
 Now sink to rise no more !

Great God ! doth Murder keep
 His watch upon the earth,
 And will Thy lightnings sleep,
 While deeds like these have birth ?
 For him who deals such dastard blow,
 For him who slays a fallen foe,
 Is VENGEANCE not in store ?

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD: A Sequel to School-Days at Rugby. Part Second. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

It is only within a few years that Manliness and Muscle began to take place in the Anglo-Saxon world as real virtues. Popularly they were always endorsed — but common-sense and truth tell us that Serious people always regarded them in common with Amusement, as very improper elements of propriety, and rather to be avoided than courted by the good. The *physique* had no recognized place in education; even now that school is a marvellous exception in which gymnastic training is as much cared for, and believed to be of as much real importance as the Latin Grammar or Algebra. Yet the stern and incontrovertible judgment of Science has declared that *six hours of exercise a day* are required by the growing body for its full development, while Common-Sense shows that health is essential not merely to happiness, but morality.

Finally there came a Great Awakening to the claims of the body to be treated with something more than cold respect. Medicine, as it gave up superstition, and fell back on 'the healing power of Nature,' began to find that dosing would not mend up a shattered constitution, and that prevention by early physical training was worth any amount of cure by drugs. A liberal school showed itself in theology — the *mens sana in corpore sano* doctrine began to gain ground.

It was a consequence of this advance of Common-Sense that much should be said of Physical Education, and one of its results has been the Tom Brown books. The basis of the School-Days at Rugby, and of the first part of Tom Brown, was really that of fresh air, free out-of-door life, strong exercise, and that straight-forward, manly simplicity of mind which is so generally attendant on such culture in youth. No wonder that the works were popular. They supplied a growing want of the age; they adapted romance, so to speak, to a new idea; they gave the *narrative*, which always comes sooner or later, now-a-days, to popularize a theory.

There is one manifest fault in these works — a world consisting entirely of mere Tom Browns would be sadly deficient in poetry, philosophy and the æsthetic element. Great digestion, ruddy health, the temperate enjoyment of much ale, and preëminence in rowing and boxing — yes, all of these, accompanied even by sterling piety and sound morality, are not *all* that education need provide. They will grow 'a fine young man,' yes — a *very* fine young man — and it cannot be denied that if all the young men in existence were Tom Browns, the world would be much better than it is. However, let us not ask for too much at once. The lesson which the author teaches is one sadly needed. We want manly young men in this age of shops, factories, sedentary occupations, sharp dealing and debilitating dissipation; and he who shows us this, does the age good service.

In the second volume of Tom Brown we have less of the physical culture, but much more of the results of simply moral and manly training. In it, the hero advances into active life, with its trials and temptations, and through them all bears himself with a firmness and single-heartedness which is set forth in every act with peculiar tact, and through adventures of striking interest. It is emphatically a living book — one in which not the hero alone, but every subordinate character, has a real being, and that marked individuality derived not from copying *eccentricities*, (that great resort of weak novelists,) but from following nature closely. The interest which it awakens is rather such as we give to fascinating sketches of natural history or travel, or other truthful description than to a sensation novel — but it *is* interest, and that of the most absorbing kind.

It is needless to say that coming from the press of TICKNOR AND FIELDS, this volume is printed with English neatness and solidity. It is preceded by a most graceful and friendly dedication to JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL from the author, THOMAS HUGHES. A fine steel portrait of this latter gentleman prefaces the volume.

PRIMARY OBJECT LESSONS FOR A GRADUATED COURSE OF DEVELOPMENT. By N. A. CALKINS. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

In the 'Utopia' of Sir THOMAS MORE, we are told that the walls of the ideal city described in that work are painted over with figures of all imaginable objects, which becoming familiar to children by sight, are described to them in detail by teachers, or by their already taught comrades. CAMPANELLA, COMENIUS, the leading literati of the Reformation, (all of whom were deeply interested in education,) and at a later date, PESTALOZZI, cherished this theory of familiarizing the young with *facts* and *nature*, and of gradually developing and disciplining their minds by an *objective* course of familiarity with what is really useful in the experiences of ordinary life. It has very well been observed that no man would be better educated than he who knows perfectly well what the things are which he sees; but how few of us are acquainted with the familiar! It is in accordance with this theory that Mr. CALKINS has written this book; one which, in the hands of a really talented teacher, could evidently develop an average child's mind to a degree of general intelligence such as is seldom paralleled.

In the first place, the author would have the teacher thoroughly question the child on form and color, on the qualities of objects, on bodily faculties, on the meaning and uses of all familiar things, and in a word, of cultivating that faculty of faculties — the art of taking a *deeply seated interest* in all that comes before cognizance. In teaching these, an extremely ingenious system is adopted, involving practical but extremely easy instruction in geometrical lines, in color, number, size, weight, sound, and of the human body; involving a course of physical training which is extremely well illustrated after the plan of LING and SCHREBER, and the modifications of CATHERINE E. BEECHER, R. T. TRALL, G. H. TAYLOR, and Dr. LEWIS. From this we come to methods of teaching, and a series of 'object lessons,' and the development of moral ideas. It is needless to say that the work is an excellent one — but we commend it with the proviso that it can only be used by teachers of more than ordinary intelligence.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

New-Brighton, Staten-Island, Aug. 15, 1861.

DEAR KNICKERBOCKER: It is commonly written that

'There is no purification without fire.'

How forcibly has this old saying been brought home to every Northern heart since the disastrous retreat of July 21st! Since we were a nation, no darker day ever dawned over the free United States of North-America. I trust that these lines will not be perused by an eye which did not become grave and stern when that triumph of evil first sent its thunder-tones over the great, brave land of freedom.

But we learned in a brief hour that that black Sunday was neither our Moncontour nor our Waterloo. Sumter had been a nettle-sting, but the Bull Run disaster was 'the live coal on the heart of the American people.' Let who would be in the wrong; let the noble SCOTT, scrupulous and delicate as noble, prove his bravery by avowing himself the greatest moral coward alive, because he had risked a battle in defiance of his better judgment; let HORACE GREELEY save the *Tribune* by making scape-goats of the wild riders who wield the lance-pens of that fierce condottieriship — let the blame be cast where you will, and the whole Northern press and people join in keen debate as to who or what was to blame — through the black and terrible storm-clouds gleamed still one light — the lurid lightning of a stern resolve *not to yield*, portending the crushing and destroying thunder-bolt of revenge.

I have not yet met man, woman, or child who was *dispirited* by that disaster. It whetted up to resistance hearts which had despaired before, or grown apathetic among weary hopes and fears. 'Ah!' exclaimed a friend of your Sanctum, 'they don't know the North!' No wonder: why, *we* did not know it; nobody knew it before, unless it were some sage gray-beard, who had seen the grandsires of the Revolution, and, as Dr. HOLMES would say, had *triangulated* the breed through three descents, and was pretty certain what *must* come of it. We are beginning to find pretty rapidly now what that '*must*' means. When the people of the North ceased to cry, 'On to Richmond!' they began to *mean* 'On to New-Orleans!' Had the Southern pirates known the North, they would have refrained from that victory. They would have been contented to worry and worry on, letting the Doughfaces increase, and the men who only see that the whole affair is 'bad for business,' strengthen in power. Wo to the Doughface *now* who dares chill the war!

Arm and out! sword and musket, hurrah! *Men*, all is right yet — all's safe — safe as ever. '*Noch ist die Freiheit nicht verloren*' — 'Freedom is not lost yet!' You have much before you, but there is daylight coming. Women of America! your social influence is most intimately blent with this war. You can send men onward to fulfil a high and noble duty which will cast a glory over a life-time and confer honor on all their kith and kin — or you can withhold them! You can at home strengthen sound political principles, inspire sound enthusiasm for what is right, and make men true

moral heroes — or you can discourage them, by referring all faith in all that is great and good to the most timid and selfish interests. Ah! there are few of you, few true daughters of the North who have not shown themselves worthy of the most heroic days of old. God bless you!

Let every man and woman make their minds up definitely that we have moved into a new order of things, into a new social condition, and live accordingly. This fighting, and drumming, and taxing will not cease suddenly some fine morning, and all things then go on in the good old way. Not a bit of it. Out of this battle we go not until the cancer of slavery *shall have been extirpated from the Border States*, and the cotton belt be thereby so reduced as to be under Federal control. If resistance be prolonged, let the black be recognized as free every where. To this we are coming — will we, nill we — and does any one believe that such results can be reached and the old order of respect for, and deference to 'the South' be maintained? Never! There is a new life, a new future, a brilliant dawn of hope before the FREE United States of North-America. We shall not feel as we did; we shall be well-nigh a new people, when we are free from the old curse which divided brothers and made us continually wretched. Away with it! — out with it! — hustle it into forgetfulness and nothing as soon as possible!

It gives curious subject for thought when we reflect what would be the result of picking this inflated bubble of Southern prestige; of reducing the shadowy giant-knight to his proper paltry proportions. Hitherto the South and not the North has given character in great measure to the American people. Unpractical and preposterous ideas as to the gentility of idleness and extravagance, lawlessness and ignorance, have struggled, and triumphantly, with the innate Yankee tendency to industry and sobriety. All this must change. For instance, we are to hear no more nonsensical comparison between Norman gentlemen in the South, and Saxon churls in the North. And here, by the way, is an amusing trifle, but which is of quite as much importance as any other Southern claim to preëminence. I refer to this oft-iterated claim of 'Norman' characteristics as peculiar to the South.

Why, in the first place, the old Saxons were out and out slave-dealers, which the Normans were not. The Saxons sold slaves from among themselves into foreign lands, to the great disgust of the Normans, who did not. The Saxons had *ceorls*, or serfs, I know, but they had also *theowes*, or literal slaves. I have not Sir FRANCIS PALGRAVE and TURNER at hand, but I remember that BULWER introduces the whole abomination in his *Harold*. Now, if this does not knock the whole Norman Confederate First Family theory into nonsense, I am mistaken.

But if the Chivalry be so Norman, where then are the names? I know of more than one full-blood Yankee cognomen which appears in the roll of Battle Abbey; in fact, I think that no American genealogist will deny that nearly every New-England name is that of some family which always was respectable and educated, from its very first Puritan ancestor. People who had had these experiences are not generally of 'the lower orders.' Name for name, there are two of the Norman in New-England for one in the South. Stick a pin there — not that it's of any account, but the Chivalry insist on it.

But draw a line of distinction between names which were originally *Norman* and those French ones of a far later date which came in with the Huguenots. There are some curious blunders made occasionally in this department by Southern gentlemen, who believe themselves to be the knightly sons of Norman ancestors, when in reality their first American 'prop' was one of the *sixteen thousand* French Huguenots who settled in South-Carolina alone; doubtless some worthy weaver — a man of real honesty,

who would go off in a hearty Gascon rage could he see his traitorous, fire-and-dirt-eating, labor-despising descendant. When people came in by the ten thousand, they could not *all* be noble—and they were not.

The fact is, that this effort to extract blood out of a thousand descents, modified by a thousand crosses, and from a heraldic turnip after all, is somewhat delirious. Suppose we of the North were to try to prove our descent from the Saxons on the ground that our ancestors were greatly addicted, as we are, to the use of the bath; for, as old chroniclers narrate, even the Saxon peasants in inland districts had a daily warm wash all over, while among the Normans such a custom did not prevail any more than at the present day in Georgia. Now I will venture to say that if the editor of the *Mobile Register*, or *Charleston Courier*, or any of the Richmond sociologists, had discovered any argument as strong as this on *their* side of the ethnological fence, we should never have heard the end of it. Let the mud-sills be thankful that the soap, water, and towel argument balances in their favor.

If nothing else should come of the war, it would have effected enough to my mind in this, that a vast amount of sickening folly and disgusting mock romance, like this precious Norman-blood fancy, will have been well ridiculed out of sight. Our old friends—I mean our new foes—over MASON and DIXON's are not bad fellows in the main; but prosperity hath made them arrogant, until, step by step, they have fallen into the habit of assuming for themselves a degree—and that no moderate one—of culture, education, courtesy, innate refinement, generosity, bravery, and all other virtues and elegancies, and of denying any and every thing of the kind to the North. In fact, the Southerner who, during a half-hour's conversation with a Northern gentleman or lady, does not let fall a very broad hint to the effect that his countrymen are superior to all from our side of the line in the essential points of good breeding, is a rarity whom very few have ever encountered. And, curiously enough, Northern people, especially on the border, have timidly given in to this assumption. They don't like it; 'but then there is such an ease of manner; such chivalry.'

The war, aiding other social developments, my dear KNICKERBOCKER, is scattering this very extravagant concession to the winds. I see the day coming when such intolerably snobbish assumption as JOHN FORSYTH's journal was guilty of some time ago in its comparison between LINCOLN and DAVIS will only be thought of by the whole world as on a par with the self-laudations of a clown in the ring, just as there will be a time when any provincialism, whether of New-York, Philadelphia, Richmond, or Charleston, will seem to every gentleman to be as paltry as it is vulgar. Just as certainly as small farms, free schools, free labor and manufactures are destined to Northernize, at no distant date, all the Tobacco States, is it sure that there will be swept away from the whole American people a certain vulgar vein of cotton-born gasconading, a bowie-knifing canaillishness, and an indolent arrogance which have long been intolerable to every really representative American gentleman.

And with such a change as this, there will be a great change in the social life of the American people.

Yours ever,

MACH SLOPER.

EXCELLENT DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. — It is with a genuine satisfaction that we notice the establishment, the ensuing month, by Miss MARY Y. BEAN, who has associated with her Mrs. DITEZ and Miss MOFFAT, of a Boarding and Day-School for young ladies, at 79 East Fifteenth-street, in this city. Miss

BEAN has been distinguished for many years as the principal of one of our largest and most successful day-schools. She brings to the support of her present enterprise a character finely moulded by experience and admirably adapted to her vocation; and a mind richly endowed by nature, and perfected by the most finished culture. We are persuaded that her school will satisfy all who desire for their daughters a thorough and accomplished education, and we wish for it the measure of success it is certain to deserve.

'*Yachting: a Saltish Epistle*,' addressed to the publisher hereof, is a 'Rhapsodical Rhapsody,' (from a female pen, 'as we do guess,') which will be found to be 'every thing by turns, and nothing long.' It is a striking example of 'diverting attention:'

'The yards are manned, the anchor weighed,
The snowy sail outsprings;
Merrily O! before the blast,
My gallant yacht is bounding fast:
On Trinity-spire I look my last,
Borne off on eagle's wings.'—RALPH RANDOM.

'HAD to shift the tackle a bit to make the stanza jibe; but I dare say RALPH RANDOM, whoever he be, is a clever salt, and won't mind the liberty I've taken. Sailors are an obliging set in general, and RALPH is every inch a sailor. That I know by his slang; and that he is a patriot, I know by the NEW YANKEE DOODLE SONG in your last issue. I like to know under what flag people sail, for we have fallen on suspicious times, and it isn't safe to overhaul every chance craft you come along-side of. Just imagine yourself, friend KNICK, aboard my crack yacht the 'Stormy Petrel,' coasting in and out the delectable coves of old Long Island, as we used to coast in old never-to-be-forgotten times. Just leave OLD KNICK to look out for himself, (and he manages his own business admirably,) and come aboard my yacht, and have a good time. Your head is as full of 'copy' and 'proof' as mine is of 'Wall-street,' whenever I take up those atrocious 'Revelations.' I say, messmate, if you do n't order that man of yours to reef sail, and not crowd on philosophy, religion, and the infernal machinery of that den of Mammon, all in one breath, I'll leave the OLD KNICK astern, and not touch another issue until after dog-days. Why, what do you think I heard a land-lubber say the other day? 'I never breathe,' says he, 'from the beginning of a 'Revelation' to the end; they're a second edition of the Apocalypse, and make me squirm in my patent-leathers? Is n't that *awful*, that 'legitimate transaction?' I never want to meet the writer of those articles: I think he could look through me like the ALL-SEEING; and yet I'm no worse than most people!'

'Now, slack up a bit on the 'Revelations,' and be easy until after frost; don't you see this is a case of 'serious conviction,' and the poor sinner will have very O'Lloyd or blue-fever? What if he should die, and the 'crown' should bring in a verdict, 'Killed by a Revelation,' would n't *you* have to 'swing' otherwise than in your hammock? That was bad enough—the yarn you told about folks working so hard during the week, that when Sunday came they *could n't* rest, because it was almost like death to stop! It is well enough to give folks a gentle hint to take in sail, and not run on to the breakers; but there's neither reason nor rhyme in frightening one to death to save his soul.

'Come aboard my yacht, and let the sea-breeze brush the cobwebs from your dusty

brain. I've as choice spirits here as were ever 'called from the vasty deep,' encased in either vessels of glass or vessels of tin. The magnificent haze of an August sunset is blending land and water in one rapturous mist of enchantment. The glorious rays of the setting sun tinge with demi-tones of gold, and bronze the sombre waves; the sails are idly flapping against the masts; but there she comes! a 'breath of the Oceanides,' that is, a 'cat's paw,' and inflates them; and we seem wafted onward to that haven of the Lotophagi, (Staten Island, where lives the Frog Correspondent,) where are sweet dreams and fairy visions: bright hopes and MACE SLOPER — Avast there! Aground, by JOVE! I like to have run down a Staten Island ferry-boat, and sunk every living soul that had n't a life-preserver! Horrible catastrophe: you'll read all about it in to-morrow morning's papers. Do you know I hate all steamboats, or, as the *Parley-vous* call them, *Batteaux à Vapeur*. Yes, I do. The eternal 'puff, puff, puff!' the '*jamais-toujours!*' '*toujours-jamais!*' of their indefatigable piston annihilates to my mind all the poetry of nautical handicraft. Give me the creaking cordage; the rough command to man the sails; the boatswain's whistle! there's poetry for you, (see SHAKESPEARE;) the cheery yo-heave-o! the thousand-and-one accessories and *symphonies* of a vessel; give me any thing but a fire-eater, either on land or sea. My muse never inspires me aboard of one: she gets the sulks whenever HORATIO ALLEN puts a new boiler into one. Steam-vessels even are despicable; they're a species of hybrid, a compromise between ÆOLUS and NEPTUNE, and we want no compromises just now, on land or sea. But iron is a great 'institution,' and this is an 'iron age.' Did you ever rise from your desk with a *brain-ache*, and plunge aplomb into the labyrinths of HORATIO ALLEN'S 'Novelty Works?' And were you piloted through that immense establishment by that great, strong man, who has imbibed the æsthetics of iron for years, until his whole system has become so 'tinctured,' that he don't need any of the 'pothecary's stuff?' Then you probably got rid of your brain-ache, and came away with a head-ache, occasioned by the volume of sound entering the tympanum; a thing to be speedily gotten rid of, and not in the least dangerous, as is an overplus of ideas, like what the redoubtable MACE SLOPER is troubled with. It's a chronic complaint with him, and he never will get rid of it unless he goes to sea. But the change did you good, no doubt. Ideas are like the measles — you're safe so long as they *come out*, but if they once *strike in*, you're a goner, and all the 'pothecary stuff' in Gotham can't save you. To me there is something strangely fascinating in iron casting. Listen! the 'Song of the Forge:'

'CLANG! clang! the massive anvils ring —
Clang! clang! a hundred hammers swing;
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky
The mighty blows still multiply;
Clang! clang!
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?

'Clang! clang! we forge the coulter now —
The coulter of the kindly plough;
Sweet MARY, mother, bless our toil;
May its broad furrow still unbind
To genial rains, to sun and wind,
The most benignant soil.

'Clang! clang! again, my mates, what glows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?
Clink! clank! we forge the GIANT CHAIN
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain,
'Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;
Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.

'Hurrah! cling! clang! once more, what glows,
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
The iron tempest of your blows,
The furnace's red breath?

'Cling! clang! a burning torrent, clear
And brilliant, of bright sparks is poured
Around and up in the dusky air,
As our hammers forge the SWORD.

'The sword! a name of dread; yet when
Upon the freeman's thigh 't is bound,
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,
How sacred is it then!

'Whenever for the truth and right
It flashes in the van of fight;
Whether in some wild mountain-pass,
As that where fell LEONIDAS;

'Or on some sterile plain and stern,
A Marston or a Bannockburn;
Or 'mid fierce crags and bustling rills,
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;
Or, as when sunk the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide;
Still, still, where'er the battle-word
*Is Liberty — when men do stand
For justice and their native land —*
Then HEAVEN bless the SWORD.'

'HEAVEN bless our swords, and give them victory! I've a mind to turn Union privateer: on reflection, I think I will; so you may consider this my 'last will and testament,' and lodge it safely in the Recorder's Office in the rear of the City Hall. But the 'Stormy Petrel' will never strike to a secession flag, of that you may be sure. How beautifully LONGFELLOW sings of the 'Building of the Ship:'

'BUILD her straight, O worthy master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!'

Poor LONGFELLOW! he has met with a cross-sea on life's voyage, and takes it heavily! Will he ever launch any more such taut craft as the 'Psalm of Life?' I think so: there is something holy in sorrow which elevates while it chastens the heart. I verily believe his best song is yet to come. I have great faith in mankind just now, and great faith in my yacht: she'll out-sail any craft in these waters; but every bonnie laddie thinks his pibroch sounds the sweetest; every school-boy thinks his willow-whistle the loudest, and every Yankee boasts that his jack-knife is the sharpest, and it ought to be. 'He leaves no stone unturned' till he has whet it, at least WHITTIER says so; and the Yankee boys have sharpened up their 'knives' pretty well for the struggle. *I'm proud of our Yankee Cousins!* I said my muse never inspired me aboard a fire-eater; you need n't infer from that she ever inspires me very highly any where, though I've trolled some sea-songs of my own in days 'lang syne.' I'm the same plain, blunt, old-fashioned tar you used to know years ago; have seen something of the world, and picked up fun wherever I found it, East, West, North and South, though there are but few of the 'jolly' craft afloat just now, either North or South.

'Look yonder! Here have we been bowling along in a stiff breeze, losing the best of the scenery while I have been moralizing — not in the fine vein of HAMLET over the lawyer's skull, or what might have been a lawyer's, but nevertheless moralizing. But,

'look away!' The distant woodlands of the interior, the clustering hamlets, the pearly strand, the sea-gulls taking their last flight, hovering closer and closer to the waves, till their silvery wings glitter in the spray, kissing the sea affectionately, like truant sailor-boys I wot of, bidding their mother a long good-night. Aground again, by JOVE! — not the yacht, but *me*. As I'm a man, I'm shedding tears! I was thinking of *my mother* and her '*long good-night*.'

Mr mother's hand — it comes before me now,
That pallid hand, and rests upon my brow;
The first to stroke the wavelets of my hair;
The first to bless me at the rite of prayer:
That cherished hand it rests upon my brow:
O angel Mother! dost thou watch me now?

I believe we old salts think a vast deal more of our mothers than the world gives us credit for. Heaven, air, and what little of earth we catch a glimpse of, conspire in sending our souls dancing hornpipes on the main-deck of terrestrial bliss. The fragrant puff of a superb Havana wafts your remaining senses to the regions of sublime forgetfulness; but if I had some of MACE SLOPER's famous 'Turkish recipe,' I'd 'color my meerschäum.' Our material casket, or, in artistic terms, our physique, is swaying in a Chilian hammock, rocked, as the primeval Ojibwah cradles were, 'on the tree-top.' Huzza! wind's freshening up; most too much of a good thing:

'WHEN the wind blows the cradle will fall,
And down come Chilian hammock and all!'

Cigar's out with that lullaby: what will you take?

We'll pledge OUR NAVY! shades of commodores glorious,
The STARS and STRIPES yet wave o'er us victorious!

Feel better? We cast a deep, sombre shadow to starboard; the silvery waves come tossing up like pearl-wreaths; while here and there

'The dolphin bares his back of gold,'

and replunging into his native element, leaves in his wake a luminous track of translucent gold-bubbles, (equal in value to the famous 'Mississippi Bubble,') that glitter in the dim twilight like phosphorescent pyrotechnics, or the fire-works in the City-Hall Park on Fourth of July night.

NIGHT, in her azure robe, falls down,
With myriad diamonds in her crown;
Night, with her calm, majestic mien,
And brow benignant, pure, serene;
Dim, holy Night falls softly down,
The dew-drops pendent from her crown.

Upon her bosom Sleep is laid —
The lethe of Plutonian shade;
And pallid Death is nestled there,
Like an 'unopened daisy' fair:
Though veiled his brow and swathed his form,
There lurks the seraph, not the worm.

That is a Scandinavian myth, felicitously embodied by CARL MULLER. I like both the myth and the statuette, though I don't exactly fancy it for the figure-head of a yacht; but there is something holy in Night, and this expresses it. Night was sent us for inspiration: the poet dreams bright dreams under her wing; the maiden, of love and hope; the statesmen, of his country; the warrior, of victory and glory; the sailor, of glorious fights and glorious prizes; and I dream of sinking the whole of that confounded Southern navy; and yet—

A wondrous dream is floating in my mind,
 As floats the bark on ocean's fitful phase;
 A marvellous vision wraps mine eye-sight blind,
 The wondrous works and deeds of other days.

A hundred sail are round me far and near,
 A hundred sail are whitening all the water;
 A hundred chase a single privateer!
 She's 'thar,' and yet the lubbers have n't caught her!

Where are the glorious tars of other days,
 Whose lightning drove Britannia from the ocean?
 Say! shall the 'Petrel' leave her peaceful 'ways,'
 And show you all a 'Yankee Doodle notion?'

Elegiac, is n't it? But its rank treason, and won't do. I wonder if I can't whistle up another tune. I'll rip out a roaring psalm to the author of the 'Revelations,' and say all he has to say in 'short metre.' Here goes:

Fill high the chalice to rosy breath!
 Fill high the chalice to pallid death!
 Who flinches to toss life's chalice high,
 Will flinch at the grave and fear to die.

Fill high the chalice to joy and wo!
 Fill high the chalice, we'll drain it low:
 Ho! brim the chalice, we'll top it high;
 Who flinches at life, will fear to die.

Fill high the chalice to love and strife!
 Fill high the chalice to death and life!
 Fill high the chalice, and brim it o'er:
 Brothers! we hail the Plutonian shore!

Addio!

Ever truly,

SEA FOAM.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—Once there was a chap who waited on us one cold morning, with a bundle of MSS. of various kinds, with which he desired to regale the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*. He had the Scottish cast of countenance, and had been, he informed us, for several years a writer for the *Edinburgh Review*, and 'believed we would find his articles acceptable.' He seemed modest and looked 'seedy' and needy, but not remarkably intelligent. Still, thought we, his outward form is, after all, but his 'husk or shrine,' and although he lacks big speech and an imperative presence, he may have a 'mind that makes the body rich.' And reasoning thus, we accepted a 'solid article.' Solid enough we found it! Heavy writing was evidently his forte. There was a dulness, an ultra 'sobriety of tone' about it, that would have suited the taste of the drained and parchment intellects, who sometimes tender us gratuitous counsel, touching the proper conduct of a magazine like ours. We returned the MS. to the author, at the desk, and desired him to leave us a light article instead. He soon inclosed us one in a letter, remarkable for its dingy brimstone hue and odor, and its elaborate clumsiness of foldure. What a tale it was! Words can scarcely tell how feeble in invention, how puerile, diffuse, and artful; interlarded, at briefest intervals, in the bombastic style of a stage-struck 'prentice, with dramatic misquotations misapplied. GEOFFREY CRAYON tells us that he readily swallowed the story of the red-wigged landlady

of the Red-Horse Inn, at Stratford-on-Avon; that she was a relative of SHAKESPEARE, until, in proof that his great genius ran in the family, she placed in his hands a ms. play of her own, which soon set all belief in her consanguinity at defiance. Our case was not dissimilar; and when, by appointment on the following morning, we met our contributor, and returned to him his ms., we ventured to inquire, specifically, *what it was* he had written for the *Edinburgh Review*. He blushed to the very tip of his nose, an intellectual rudder of most portentous amplitude, and affected to cover his chagrin with the lack smile of a sick hyena, as he stammered out: '*I made out the index for several quarters!*' But nothing daunted by this confession, he proceeded to add: 'I have a ms. play, written in this country, which I should be pleased to have you purchase from me. I sent it to Mr. SIMPSON of the Park, but he returned it the next day, with a cold note of two lines, saying that it would n't do; or words to that effect. That, however, was because it was not an *acting* play: it is more for the closet, and you find it will read well in print. It was composed in two nights, after the model of the 'Sea-Serpent,' which had so long a run. I call it '*The North River; or The Last Run of Shad.*' Would you like to —' We bowed the literary worthy out, calling to mind, as he disappeared in the street, an undoubted specimen of his writings in the *Edinburgh Review*. It ran thus: 'Great mind — Mr. CURRAN — 188.' Toward the bottom of this page, when sought out, was found recorded: 'Mr. CURRAN said he had a *great mind* to kick the intruder from his door.' - - - TWENTY-SIX years ago the eloquent author of a series of papers in the KNICKERBOCKER, under the title of 'Our Country,' closed his last paper in these burning, patriotic words: 'As we grow in our growth and strengthen in our strength, we will build upon the foundations which our fathers left us. We will rear the fabric of FREE GOVERNMENT to the skies. We will adorn and embellish it, and make it beautiful in the eyes of all men. We will kindle such a light on the American shore as shall illuminate the earth. Imagination, even, cannot picture the destiny that awaits us, *if we preserve our Liberty and our Union*. God has promised us a renowned existence, if we will but deserve it. He speaks this promise in the sublimity of nature. It resounds all along the crags of the Alleghanies. It is uttered in thunder at Niagara. It is heard in the roar of two oceans, from the great Pacific to the rocky ramparts of the Bay of Fundy. His finger has written it in the broad expanse of our inland seas, and traced it out by the mighty Father of Waters. The august Temple in which we dwell was built for lofty purposes. Oh! that we may consecrate it to Liberty and Concord, and be found fit worshippers within its holy halls!' This beautiful passage was recalled to our mind, by reading the superb lines, '*Not Yet,*' written by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT for the '*Ledger*' weekly journal. The fifth verse, especially, possesses a kindred spirit and imagery:

'O COUNTRY! marvel of the earth!
 O realm to sudden greatness grown!
 The age that gloried in thy birth,
 Shall it behold thee overthrown?
 Shall traitors lay that greatness low?
 No, land of hope and blessing, no!

'And we who wear thy glorious name,
Shall we, like cravens, stand apart,
When those whom thou hast trusted aim
The death-blow at thy generous heart?
Forth goes the battle-cry, and lo!
Hosts rise in harness, shouting, No!

'And they who founded in our land
The power that rules from sea to sea,
Bled they in vain, or vainly planned
To leave their country great and free?
Their sleeping ashes, from below,
Send up the thrilling murmur, No!

'Knit they the gentle ties which long
These sister States were proud to wear,
And forged the kindly links so strong
For idle hands in sport to tear —
For scornful hands aside to throw?
No, by our fathers' memory, no!

'Our humming marts, our iron ways,
Our wind-tossed woods on mountain-crest,
The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent-flow,
And loud Niagara, answer, No!

'Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,
Earth's ancient kings shall rise and say:
'Proud country, welcome to the pit!
So soon art thou, like us, brought low?'
No, sullen group of shadows, No!

'For now, behold, the arm that gave
The victory in our fathers' day,
Strong, as of old, to guard and save —
That mighty arm which none can stay —
On clouds above and fields below,
Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No!

Compare these noble lines, so full of glowing, patriotic ardor, with the thousand-and-one pumped-up 'poems' to which our national troubles have given rise, and cherish the 'true coin.' - - - The incident recorded in one of the daily journals, of a subordinate officer, during the battle at Bull Run, having been found almost in the heat of the engagement, skulking behind a pile of logs, brings to mind an incident mentioned to us several years ago in Troy, in presence of General Wool, by our departed friend, G. R. —: the same, let us add, who gave to us the beautiful and most touching letter from his departed wife, found in a favorite volume, after her death, and by whose side he now sleeps, until the fires of the resurrection morning shall glimmer in the horizon. The incident was derived by the narrator from his father; and the scene, if we remember rightly, was in the neighborhood of New-London, Connecticut. One morning, when an attack from the other side of the river was momentarily expected, a patriotic band suddenly missed its commanding officer. *Here* was a 'situation!' The firing had already commenced from over the water, and the 'body' of troops was without a 'head.' A sub-officer was dispatched to discover the whereabouts of his missing superior. Going down the meadow-like lawn in search of him, he chanced every now and then

to see, bobbing up and down mysteriously, something which looked like a ball. Approaching the object, what was his surprise to find, in a deep hole in the ground, the body of his superior officer; and his *head* was the *ball* which had bobbed up with every fire from the other side! 'Why, what on-airth are you doing *here*, Captain? Why are you not at the head of your company?' 'Oh! you go to grass!' said the brave commander: 'this is *my* hole: I dug it last night: if you want one, go and dig it for yourself, as *I* did!' His 'second' left him in disgust, and reported accordingly. Like our troops at Bladensburgh, for whom the guide over the battle-ground apologized: 'Somehow or 'nother, he didn't seem to take no interest!' - - - '*Gleanings: Moments gathered Here and There, and their Results,*' is the modest title of a beautifully-bound manuscript quarto volume, in the clear and neat 'hand-of-write' of our old friend and correspondent, GEORGE C. MORGAN. Each page is surrounded by delicate and graceful rainbow-lines, and the vari-colored illuminated headings and richly-ornamented initial-letters are not surpassed by any thing of a kindred description which we ever encountered in the most luxuriously-printed volume. But the most marked feature of the volume are several superb drawings, by Mr. MORGAN's son — elaborate paintings we might call them, if they were not simply exquisite pencil-sketches — which would do honor to the finest annual that ever was printed. The landscapes are truly delicious; the compositions, in figures and their disposition, graceful and forcible; and the whole informed with a most pleasing imagination and truthfulness. Indeed, exactly reproduced, these '*Gleanings*' would make a present for the holidays which could hardly be surpassed: and if 'the times' were other than they are, there can be no doubt that the 'venture' would be made by some one of our eminent publishers. Those of our readers who remember the delightful papers in the KNICKERBOCKER upon 'The Bobolink,' by Mr. MORGAN, will not need to be informed that the literary merits of the book are in keeping with its external and artistic execution. The contents are various in kind; some portions being humorous, others meditative and nature-loving; and 'othersome solemn and monitory; but all *good*. 'The Dead of Trinity Church-yard,' we learn, will be the title of a similar work, which is already in a forward state of preparation. - - - THERE is a way of doing a kindness, or extending a courtesy, in a manner so winning and so graceful, that it well-nigh equals the kindness itself; at least, such was our first thought the other evening, while looking at two very fine and life-like portraits of Mr. and Mrs. MILLARD FILLMORE. They were copies in oil, by LOUP, of two excellent large photographs, which were sent as a present to Mrs. SAMUEL HALLETT, wife of an old friend and too infrequent correspondent, in acknowledgment of a superb gift of flowers, which had graced the table of the lady of the ex-President on last New-Year's day. We shall be pardoned for quoting a passage from the note of Mrs. FILLMORE, which accompanied the photographs: 'I was equally surprised and delighted, my dear Mrs. HALLETT, on New-Year's morn to receive from you, by express, the most magnificent basket of flowers I ever saw. I immediately installed it upon my centre-table, where it stood all day, the admiration of every one that called. It was, indeed, so splendid, that it seemed to me that the remembrance of it should be perpetuated, and not be suffered

to perish with the fragrance it diffused. I have, therefore, had it photographed, standing by my side, as you will see by the likeness of myself and Mr. FILLMORE, which I inclose, and which I beg of you to accept, together with my sincere thanks, as a slight testimony of my appreciation of your kindness.' An equally delicate sense of propriety and grace caused the transfer, in brilliant colors, of the beautiful bouquet to the re-rendering of the photographs. Apropos of paintings: our friend possesses two pictures, which are perfect gems of art. The one is an exquisite *View on the Housatonic*, by J. A. HART. In the foliage, the water, the figures, the aerial perspective, it has few equals among the works of our modern artists. HART is COLE's successor in America, and his animals would do no discredit to the pencil of PAUL POTTER, or the great Brothers BOTH. The other picture is *An Iceberg*, by CHURCH; one of the finished studies for his great Arctic picture, recently exhibited. Alone by itself, in that silent sea, in its green grandeur, tinted by the fading hues of the sun, it is the very image and symbol of sublimity! - - - HERE is the celebrated gastronomer DE LA REYNIÈRE's recipe for what he styles *Un Roti sans Pareil*, and which is probably as yet the highest achievement of cookery: 'Stuff a fine large olive with capers and *filets d'anchois*; then place the olive inside the body of a fig-picker, from which you cut the head and feet; then inclose the fig-picker in the body of a plump ortolan, neatly dressed; then insert the ortolan in the body of a fat lark, from which you dissect the principal bones; then cover the lark with a thin slice of lard, and put it into the body of a thrush; which having in like manner dissected, you stuff inside a fat and juicy quail, (a wild one preferred,) which you should cover with a vine leaf, and insert in the body of a lap-wing; which is boned and trussed, and inserted in the body of a golden plover; which in its turn is covered with lard and inclosed in a young woodcock; having rolled this in grated bread-crumbs, place it in the body of a neatly-prepared teal; which put into the body of a guinea-hen; which secrete in the body of a young wild-duck; which encage in the body of a chicken; which conceal inside of a young and carefully-selected pheasant; which entomb in the body of a young and fat goose, (wild of course,) which insert in the body of a very fine hen-turkey; which finally inclose in the body of an outarde, (a species of wild-turkey,) or a young swan; and fill the interstices with Lucca chestnuts, forced meat, and a savory stuffing. Having thus prepared the roast, put it into a pot sufficiently large, with onions, cloves, carrots, chopped ham, celery, a bouquet of parsley and thyme, mignonette, several slices of salt-pork well salted, pepper, salt, fine spices, coriander-seeds, and one or two sprigs of garlic. Then seal this pot hermetically with a strip of paste or clay; place it on a slow fire where the heat will penetrate it gradually, and let it remain twenty-four hours. Then uncover it, skim it if necessary, and serve it on a hot dish. The juices of so many different fowls amalgamated thoroughly by this slow process, and their different principles becoming so identified with each other by this close connection, gives to this unequalled dish a wonderful flavor, in which are combined the quintessence of the poultry-yard, the marsh, the plain, and the forest. - - - 'TWENTY-SEVEN years ago,' writes the author of the ensuing lines, 'three young men, one a Spaniard, one an

Englishman of noble descent, and one a Yankee from Massachusetts, fell into each other's company, travelling West. They 'cottoned' to each other and kept together a long time. One summer evening, in the latter part of June, they sat on the banks of the Ohio river, near Cincinnati, and spoke of Spain and England, and the future of America. The Englishman died in India; the Spaniard is an officer in the army of Queen ISABELLA; and the Yankee lives, loyal to the stars and stripes. The matter being thus explained, it is for you to print or not to print the rhymes.' We print:

'On the banks of the Ohio,
Many a year has passed away,
Since a hopeful, laughing trio
Sate there on a summer day.

'They had met, three youthful strangers,
Wandering toward the setting sun,
Full of life, free forest-rangers,
And they travelled, three like one.

'CLARE,' the tallest, was a scion
Of a race whose haughty peers
Once rode mailed with COEUR DE LION,
Fought at Cressy and Poitiers.

'Young 'BARTOLO,' broad sombrero,
Dark moustache, and lisp of Cadiz,
Spoke the land of the bolero,
Bull-fights, love, and Spanish ladies.

'And the smallest of the trio
Was a Puritan by birth,
Yankee, looking through Ohio,
Looking through the whole wide earth.

'Skiff and broad-horn, flat and keel,
Rocked upon the quiet river,
Where the steamer's paddle-wheel
Left an undulating quiver.

'And the three sat on the bank,
Watching the declining sun,
Till the last faint day-beam sank,
And the stars came, one by one.

'Then the two spoke words of pride,
Of the glories of old Spain,
And the Island Empire wide,
Whose red flag ruled all the main.

'But the other pointed West;
All his soul shone in his eyes:
'Where that sun has sunk to rest,
Shall my country's future rise;

'Realms beyond Pizzaro's dream,
Wait our freedom and our law:

On our radiant flag shall gleam
Stars that England never saw.'

'Many years have passed and gone
Since that summer evening fair;
And an Indian palm-tree lone
Waves above the grave of 'CLARE.'

'And 'BARTOLO,' in Madrid,
Sips his glass of Xeres old,
Or, if ISABELLA bid,
Draws his sword and yields his gold.

'And the Yankee, who in youth
Prophesied his country's story,
Does he live and keep his truth,
Faithful to his country's glory?

'He was of that steadfast breed
Who for freedom, right and law,
Ceaseless toil, and freely bleed
In the foremost ranks of war.

'Still his country's flag of truth
Is the banner of his pride,
Still his heart as in his youth,
Beats high on his country's side.

'Not Iberia, Albion, Gaul,
Give us kindly deeds or words;
Fearless, we commit our all
To our loyal hearts and swords.

'Shall that river, in its might,
Still flow free to tropic clime,
Shall those stars in union bright,
Guide our children through all time?

'Answer, from Ohio's banks,
Answer, from the Gate of Gold,
On the traitors wheel your ranks,
With your fathers' flag of old.

'All those stars again shall shine
Over land and over sea,
And the light of peace divine
Gild the banner of the free.

G. T. M.

'Cincinnati, Ohio, July 4th, 1861.'

And 'Amen!' say we. - - - A SHORT time ago a new Catholic church was 'started' in our little village of Piermont-on-the-Hudson. It is now finished; and a large and commodious edifice it is: capable of seating one thousand worshippers. We had the pleasure to be present at the opening of the church for the first time; although it is not as yet consecrated by the very reverend Archbishop HUGHES—an event, however, which is soon to be

consummated. The first sermon preached in the church was by the Rev. H. T. BRADY, pastor of St. ANNE's Church, in Astor-Place, who was present by invitation of the esteemed resident-pastor, the Rev. JOHN QUINN. It was an exceedingly interesting and beautiful discourse. The text of the sermon was from the tenth chapter of St. PAUL to the Hebrews; and, so far as we remember, these are some of the thoughts and words of the eloquent speaker. He said: This was not the first time he had the honor and pleasure of addressing the Catholics of Piermont, and they would not be surprised to hear him say that on that occasion his pride and pleasure were alike heightened by the circumstance of his being the first to preach from the sanctuary of the new church. For this he owed their respected pastor a debt of gratitude of which he would not be unmindful. Long may he reign among them, while they would be his people, faithful in CHRIST, and he would be their pastor, ministering to them the sacraments of their holy religion, the *media* of grace and salvation to their souls. He hoped the Rev. Mr. QUINN would not take it amiss if he reiterated the warm words of well-deserved gratitude through which he conveyed to him his high appreciation of their generosity and Christian charity in aiding him to erect such a handsome and spacious edifice to the glory of the only true God. Two facts only he would mention in proof of this. First: That their benevolence excluded the necessity thus far of his calling at a single house for a promised donation. Secondly: That, notwithstanding the advanced condition of the church, he was not obliged to leave the boundaries of his own parish to ask for a single dollar; and he would say, on his own responsibility, that if they would continue to exert themselves during the *Fair* which the ladies of the parish were now holding at the old church, for the benefit of the new, they would leave it in an easy manner for the present, and at the same time sustain the high eulogium already pronounced upon them.* That he might not lose too much time passing compliments upon them and their devoted pastor, he would now leave them to their 'mutual admiration,' and at once pass on to the subject of his discourse. Before doing so, however, he begged to be permitted to say one word for himself, namely: He owed them an apology for coming so far on that happy day and important occasion, to address them with very little preparation. He knew, however, where he was coming to, and felt that little reflection was needed, when he thought of the majestic river and broad bay which stretched out at his back, and fanned the altar with their genial breeze; again his delighted eye ran from the base to the summit of yonder cedar-hill which loomed up before him, whose luxuriant trees nodded their green plumes in admiration of the glorious work they achieved; and which, from the position he then occupied, one would think lifted its haughty head aloft to kiss the arched lips of the blue vault above, teaching us that earth, after all, was not so far from heaven, and that if they persevere in their efforts to ascend the rugged steep, they would ultimately reach its imperial dome.

Mr. BRADY then proceeded to say that the fraction of St. PAUL's epistle to the Hebrews, which he read, suggested a subject at once interesting and sub-

* Over fifteen hundred dollars were realized from the Fair.

lime; that it was evidently the intention of the Apostle in that letter to establish the superiority of the Christian priesthood over the Levitical, and of the sacrifice of Calvary over all the Jewish oblations. The congregation might well feel proud of having erected a temple and built an altar whereon the only Son of the Most High God, the reality of every figure, would be immolated and slain for the sins of the people. That in that sanctuary the sacraments of the church would be administered to thousands yet unborn. There the child would be washed from the stain of original sin in the waters of baptism, receive the rich inheritance of faith, and obtain a right to heaven; there he would also be confirmed in that same faith, and sent forth a soldier of CHRIST to fight courageously the battles of the LORD. At the railing of that sanctuary, they would eat of the Bread of Life, and partake of that great Sacrament of the Eucharist, around which all the other sacraments revolved like so many satellites around their planet. But he did not intend to speak of the Eucharist as a sacrament; he would rather call their attention to it as a sacrifice consummated on Calvary, and perpetuated upon our altars, comprising every other sacrifice, and not to be succeeded by any other, more sublime or more perfect. Religion, he said, was an homage which united the creature with the CREATOR, man to God; and made him refer himself and all his actions to His greater honor and glory; that religion achieved this great object chiefly by sacrifice, which was an external oblation made to God, by which His sovereignty over whatever was created was acknowledged. The law of nature, he said, first inculcated the necessity of sacrifice, and from Holy Writ, instanced the examples of CAIN who offered the first-fruits of the earth, and ABEL the firstlings of his flock. The first act of religious worship which NOAH performed after he left the ark was, to offer sacrifice to the LORD, of all cattles and fowls that were clean. He then showed in what consisted external sacrifice, and for what ends it was offered; that all the sacrifices of the ancient dispensation, although ordained by the divine command, were but empty figures, and derived all their force from the faith of those who offered them; who had in view the divine VICRIM which alone could take away the sins of the world. Having spoken for three quarters of an hour on this beautiful subject, he closed by summing up all he had said; and exhorting his audience to a due appreciation of this great sacrifice, the only sacrifice through which the anger of God was appeased, and sin remitted; to assist as often as possible the holy sacrifice of the MASS, wherein the death, the resurrection, and glorious ascension of CHRIST were daily renewed; that long after that congregation should have passed away, their children's children would offer up the prayers of grateful hearts for the blessing which they bequeathed to them in the erection of that beautiful church. We know not how far we have preserved the words of the eloquent speaker; but we think we present his thoughts; regretting only that we can not give his silvery voice, and exhibit to the reader his calm self-possession, and the natural grace of his manner and gestures. - - - Our many-years' admirer is welcome, yes, welcome to call again. As is proved by the following legal epistle:

'DEAR KNICKERBOCKER: I have been for many years a reader and admirer of the KNICKERBOCKER, and have observed many professional anecdotes in its incomparable

'Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.' Here are two legal 'screeds,' which you are at liberty to throw into the fire if you find them unworthy of a place at your 'Table.'

'CHARLES WANNAMACKER, who lives, or lived, some years since, in a western county in Wisconsin, had his goods attached in another western county of the same State, upon the ground that *he was a foreign corporation*. JOE MILLS, as he is called in this region, an eccentric but able and learned lawyer, was speedily summoned to the aid of his friend and client CHARLIE. He found the case pending before a Justice of the Peace, who was also a school-master of more than ordinary pretensions to erudition. JOE moved to dismiss the attachment, and in support of his motion, urged every reason he could think of why CHARLIE WANNAMACKER should not be adjudged to be a foreign corporation. When he had concluded his argument, the Justice, who was surrounded by his admirers, in a tone of bland triumph, thus delivered 'the opinion of the Court:'

'Mr. MILLS, you have some reputation for classical knowledge; let me call your attention to the derivation of this term 'corporation.' It is undoubtedly derived from the Latin substantive 'corpus'—a body.' Here the learned Justice put the aforesaid Latin substantive through all the variations necessary to run it into the English word corporation, and concluded: 'So you see, Mr. MILLS, from the etymology of the word, that a corporation must be the body of a man, and not a body of men, as you have been contending—with great force and ingenuity, I admit. As to the word 'foreign'—I understand from the Revised Statutes that the jurisdiction of a Justice of the Peace is limited to his county. All beyond the county-lines is *terra incognita* to him, and, legally speaking, in a foreign jurisdiction. I shall be obliged to hold that Mr. WANNAMACKER is a foreign corporation, and sustain the attachment.' Whereupon the learned Justice closed his docket with the air of an old bird who was not to be caught with chaff.'

'HON. JAMES H. KNOWLTON, one of our most eminent Western advocates, met with the following perplexing adventure in his early practice in Wisconsin:

'A stranger came into his office and abruptly informed him that his wife had deserted him, and wished to have her replevied at once. KNOWLTON told him that that remedy would not meet his case exactly, and went on to inform him that if he would be patient until the desertion had continued one year, he could obtain a divorce. The stranger said he did not know that he wanted a divorce. What he mostly feared was that his wife would run him in debt all over the country.

'In that case,' said KNOWLTON, 'you had better post her.'

'What his client understood him to mean by posting, remains a mystery to this day. He said, in a meditative way, that he did n't know where she had gone, and beside, that she was fully as strong as he was, and he did n't believe he *could* post her, even if he knew where to find her.

'KNOWLTON hastened to inform him that by posting his wife he meant putting a notice in a newspaper, saying: 'Whereas my wife ELLEN has left my bed and board without any just —'

'But that an't true,' interrupted the client—'that an't true. She did n't leave my bed—*she took it away with her.*'

'Law is a cu'ros thing.' Perhaps the gentleman in question held the same view of 'posting' as a certain Irishman once did. 'You must post him first, PAT.' 'Bedad yis, it's mesilf can do that thing. But if I have n't a post handy to bate him wid, *would n't a fence-rail do, yer honor?*' Our correspondent must speak often unto us.

THE following *barberous* lines are inscribed by the author to the man who shaves our publisher :

I know a barber well,
A genuine friend of 'KNICK,'
Who often dyes my locks,
And dyes them, too, 'on tick.'
'Tis said, 'Thou canst not make
One hair or white or black ;'
Yet, strange as it may seem,
He's got the wondrous knack.

While some gain gold by thrift,
And some by shaking props,
My friend doth gather his
By *cutting* other's *crops*.

The great St. PAUL hath writ,
'Long locks disgrace a man ;'
He, therefore, barbers on
The wise Apostle's plan !

He is a *strapping* man,
Though small to human ken,
And lively *brushes* has
With many larger men.

He seems a jolly *blade*,
The *revenue-cutter* kind,
Yet keeps his razors sharp
As *raisers* of the wind.

And though a temperance man,
He often '*lathers-up*,'
And has a *nook* for friends
Addicted to the *cup* !

Below the ground he lives,
And very near the *Pole*,

Yet seems as snug and warm
As a rabbit in his hole.

Sweet-scented *Winds-or soaps*
Perfume his modest shop
With fragrant odors, like
The breezy mountain-top.

'What uses we may serve !'
Crazed HAMLET once did say :
He muses over skulls,
But makes the musing *pay*.

And yet his purse is light,
And little coin he spends,
But scores of *golden crowns*
Are at his fingers' ends.

Not long ago, I spied
Some money in his till,
And said, I hoped he'd not
Forget me in his will.

He answered, as I gazed,
On greedy thoughts intent :
'You've left a shilling, sir,
I'll leave you but a scent.'

It saddens me to think
He soon may close his shop.
For like a forest-tree,
He's *dyeing* at the *top* !

And though 'all flesh is grass,'
And barbers are but dust,
I'll mourn for him until
Some other one will trust !

O PUNNY man ! - - - WE shall be happy to hear often from the writer of the following fervent lines. In spirit and in execution they are every way admirable :

Prayer.

'LORD! my heavy heart is wounded—
Thou canst heal!
LORD! thou knowest, by grief surrounded,
What I feel.
Weak and faint I kneel before THEE,
Scarce have power for aid t' implore THEE,
Mists of night seem gathering o'er me,
While I kneel.

'JESUS! help my feeble spirit,
Save THINE own!
I can only plead THY merit—
THINE alone.
Prayer, my last resource, seems failing;
Fear my prostrate soul assailing;
Help me with THY grace prevailing,
From THY throne.

'Help me when the waves of anguish
O'er me roll.
Help me when with grief I languish—
Make me whole!
See the crushed reed broken lying;
Hear the thirsty desert sighing;
Send THY dew, revive the dying—
Save my soul !'

LADIES who write bold and manly hands will confer a favor, when writing to 'KNICK,' to give us at least their first name, if not 'Miss' or 'Mrs.,' as some indication of their 'sects.' Otherwise, mistakes *will* occur; 'for instinct:'

— — Co., Pa.

'DEAR KNICK: 'A. M —, Esq.,' wears a bonnet, and was surprised, yea, mortified, to find — herself Miss-taken for a man! Upon my life, KNICK, if I *were* a man, and could n't write better verses than those which you return to me, I would — dig potatoes! Yours, with respect, ANNIE M —.'

ANNIE, us seemeth, is a 'brick.' If not destined to 'chorus-skate' as a poetess, she is evidently 'bound to shine' as a vigorous stoic in prose. Go thou, and do likewise! - - - THE *North British Review* says: 'The humor of HAWTHORNE is a singular flower to find on American soil. As LOWELL sings of him:

'THERE IS HAWTHORNE, with genius so shrinking and rare,
That you hardly, at first, see the strength that is there,
A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,
So earnest, so graceful, so solid, so fleet,
Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet.
'T is as if a rough oak, that for ages had stood,
With his gnarled, bony branches, like ribs of the wood,
Should bloom, after cycles of struggle and scathe,
With a single anemone, trembly and rathe.'

He is a humorist for the fastidious few; not for the multitude. As a satirist, his weapon does not make great gaping flesh wounds; it is too ethereal in temper. Nor does he mockingly offer the sponge dipped in gall and vinegar. He is a kindly, smiling satirist. But his smile often goes deeper than loud laughter. He is one of the tenderest-hearted men that ever made humor more piquant with the pungency of satire. There is a side of sombre shadow to his nature which sets forth the bright felicities of a subtle insight with a more shining richness. He has a weird imagination, which at will can visit the border-land of flesh and spirit, whence breathe the creeping airs that thrill with fearful fascination. His mirth is grave with sweet thoughts; the very poetry of humor is to be found in his pages, with an aroma fine as the sweet-briar's fragrance.' - - - It is now some fifteen years since HENRY INMAN, one of the most distinguished artists of this country, passed away. His funeral was marked by every token of respect; he was mourned with sincerity, and he is remembered with affection, and yet his grave has been without a suitable monument to his memory. His remains were recently removed to the beautiful Hazelwood Cemetery, at Rahway, New-Jersey, and a movement is about to be made to obtain, by subscription, a fitting sum to be appropriated to the erection of a monument, inscribed with such an epitaph as his fame demands. Too long already has the mortal part of this genius been allowed to remain in obscurity, and almost unrecognized. His grave and his name have alike been suffered to fall into neglect. Let it be so no longer. HENRY INMAN, unlike many men of genius, was appreciated and recognized during his life-time; and it would be a disgrace and a shame if his brother-artists failed to revere and commemorate his memory.